The SPHERE
Vol. CXXXI. No. 1707 OCT. 8, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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HEADACHE—take
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

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AS GOOD AS WHISKY CAN BE!
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PERFECTION SCOTS WHISKY.

WE NEED YOUR MONEY FOR A SPLENDID CAUSE
THE CARE OF YOUNG LIVES
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)
Plead most earnestly for immediate funds, to feed, clothe and educate the 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa."
Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off.
Please Help Us
THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU
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Mazawattee Tea
THE PICK OF THE CHOICEST EMPIRE GARDENS

THE LEADING LIQUEUR OF THE EMPIRE
Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR
DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. Ltd., 9, UNION ST.. EDINBURGH.

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A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY WITH WHICH HE IS INSURED
INSURE WITH THE
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
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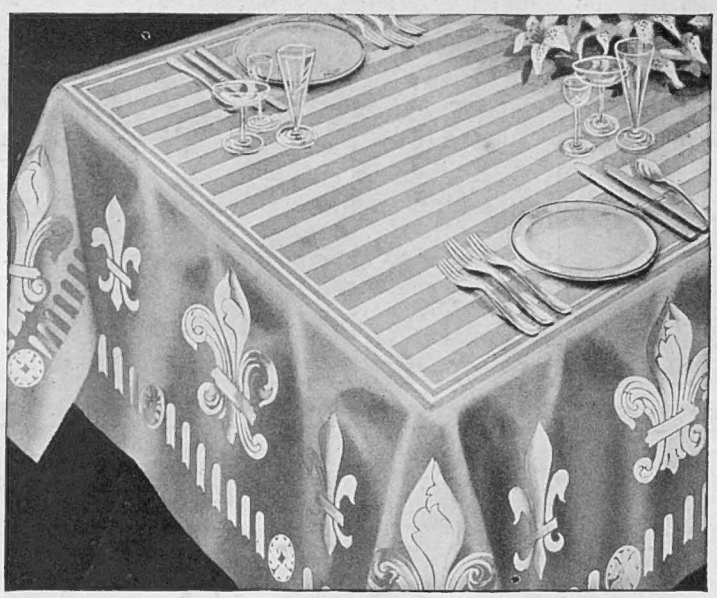

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IRISH LINEN

In spite of changes in fashion, nothing looks better on a table than pure white Irish Linen Damask.
This design has all the merits of simplicity enhanced by very fine quality linen.

Size 2 × 2 yards ... ... **38/3** each.
„ 2 × 2½ „ ... ... **48/3** „
Napkins to match.
24 × 24 inches ... ... **48/3** per dozen.
27 × 27 „ ... ... **55/6** „

OUR AUTUMN SALE IS NOW PROCEEDING—
LIST SENT POST FREE.

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The Linen Hall Regent Street
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Player's
"Country Life"
SMOKING MIXTURE

1/1D per oz and 2oz pocket tins at 2/2D

Fresh as the Country Air.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.L.7.C

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REDUCED RETURN FARES

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£90 1st Class,
£60 2nd Class,
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UNION-CASTLE LINE

. . . ECONOMY
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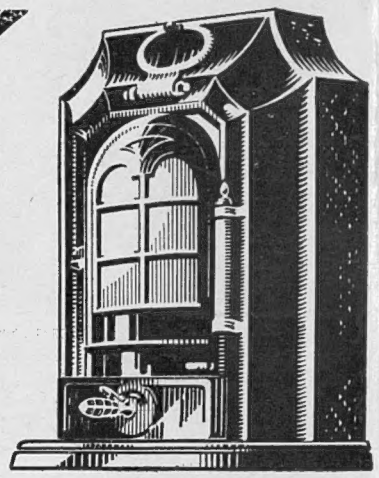
CONVENIENCE



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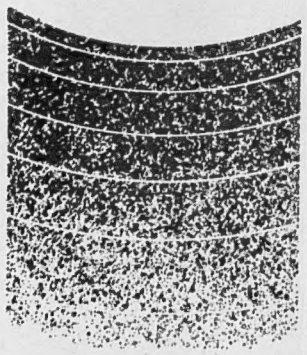

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● In various designs from £2 - 15 - 0 upwards. Ask for "ESSE" Book and name of nearest Stove dealer.

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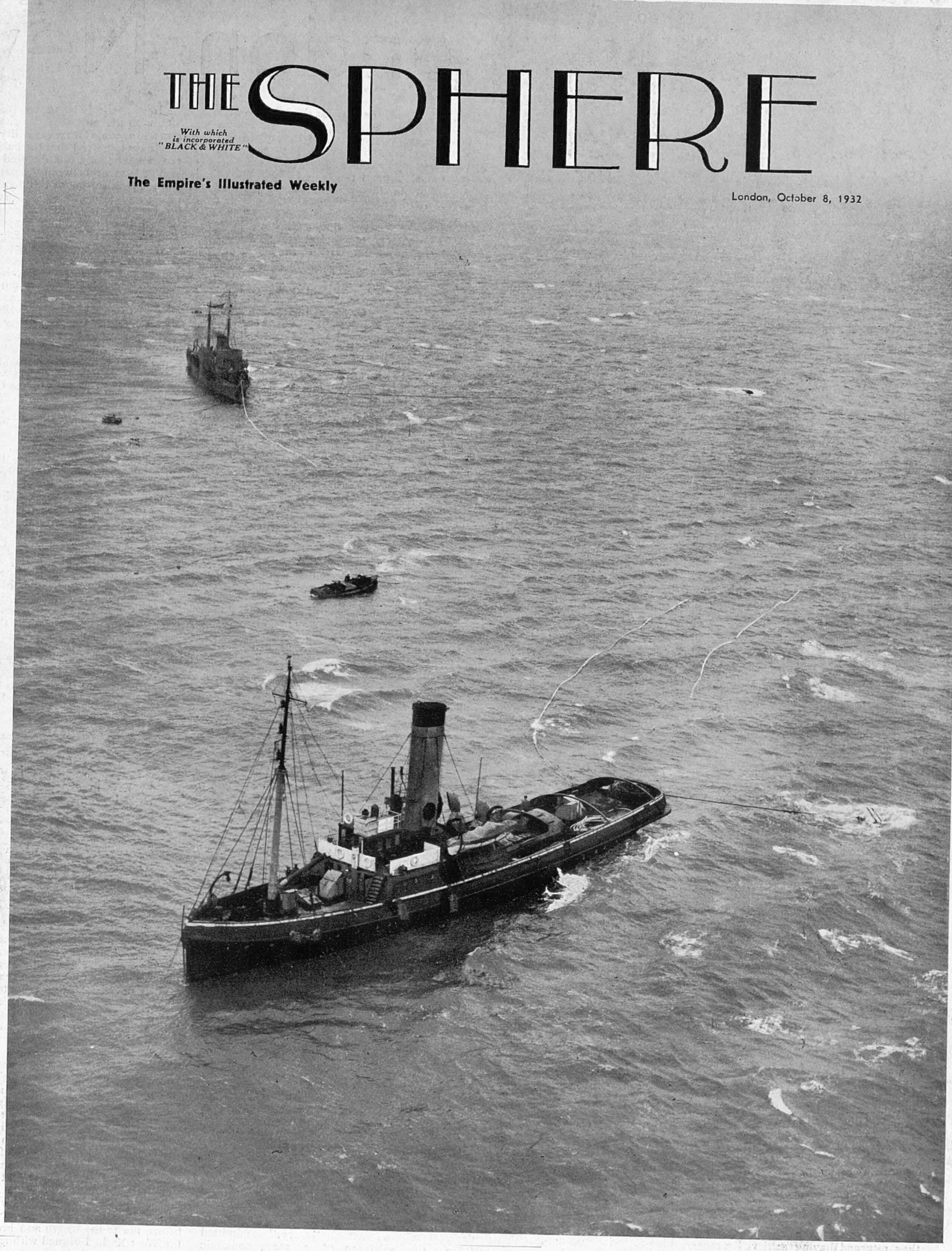
Showrooms—11 Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.; and at Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 8, 1932



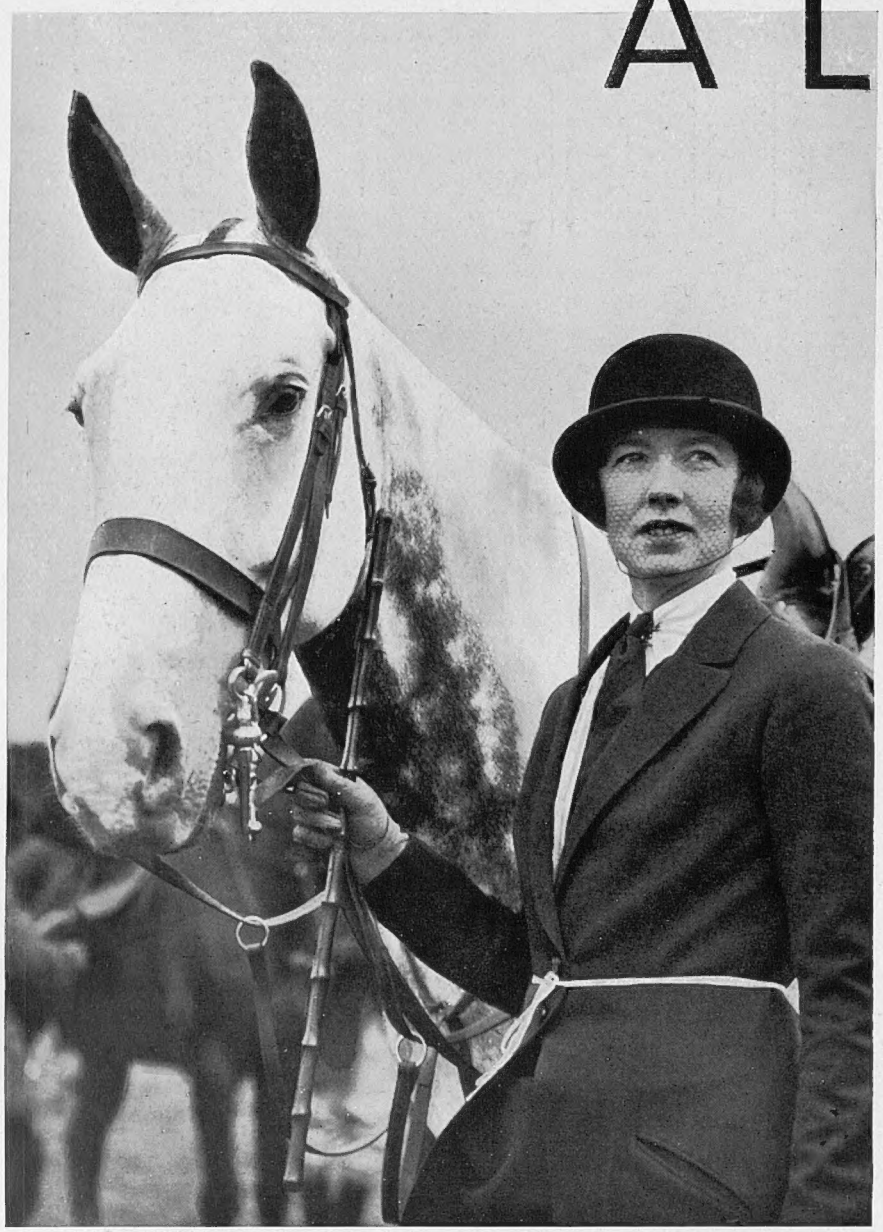
SALVAGE WORK BENEATH AN AUTUMN SEA

An Aerial Picture of the Attempt to Raise the Sunken Hulk of "M 2"

Success in the operations to salvage *M 2* was delayed by heavy seas a few days ago when, as the hulk of the ill-fated submarine was only 15 ft. from the surface, one of the four "camels"—as the pontoons used in the lifting operations are technically termed—broke loose and rose to the top of the water. Above, the tug *Pilot* and the diving-ship *Teaworth* are to be seen, while in the far distance on the right the recalcitrant camel is seen breaking surface. The white horses attest the weather, which has proved one of the great deterrents to the success of the enterprise. Measures are to be taken to equip the Navy at submarine ports with the best mechanical means for the rapid raising of submarines

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



OCTOBER HERALDS HUNTING: The enthusiasm of women for sport was seen in the preparations for the hunting season made at the Mid-Surrey Drag Hunter and Hound trials held on the first of the month at Highfield Farm, Epsom. Lady Stanier is seen above with *Silver Mist* in the Ladies' Open Class

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 5, 1932.

THE LOGIC OF FREE TRADERS.

—This is no time to review the age-old question of whether Free Trade is not the best ideal to aim at. In an ideal world it is indisputably so. Peace, honour, and love are ideals to aim at. But while it does no harm, and may do some good, to go on hammering at the last three, the Free Trade ideal is not quite on the same footing in an age which is by no means a golden age. It is an age of brass and brass tacks, and we must employ what means are to hand to keep a roof over our heads. Accordingly it is, without questioning the rightness of the ideal of Free Trade, that one criticizes the logic of those Free Trade Ministers who have quitted the National Government in this lull in the storm. They joined the Government at a time when the general principles which were to be thrashed out at Ottawa were defined. They worked side by side with their remaining colleagues when those principles had been reduced to a defined form of agenda. They bade farewell and a formal God-speed to the departing delegates, and they received them back as colleagues when they returned having achieved a measure of success. If these Free Traders set any store by consistency or logic, they must have refused office when the National Government was formed, or resigned in March, or at the worst of it, in June. Resigning now—when not half of their heavy task is done—they stand in the humiliating position of the cowardly little boy who joins in a compact to steal apples from the orchard, banking firmly on the expectation that no success will attend the maraud. But the moment he finds there is a chance that the gang will actually return with apples (and a consequent risk of prosecution), he backs out. In a word, they banked on the total failure of Ottawa—which, to say the least of it, was disingenuous. That their action has been dictated by high principles, strongly held and unselfishly maintained, I do not question. It is their logic which seems to be at fault.

CABINET RANK.

—Looking back nearly twenty years, I regain a clear picture of the new Minister of Agriculture when in the Great War he was medical officer attached to the Royal Scots Greys. It is difficult to realize that, after all the varied experiences through which he has since passed, Major Elliot is still on the right side of forty-five. He was a mere stripling when he served with the Greys, and I didn't realize it; for he looked mature enough, and some of his lurid reminiscences connoted a ripe experience divorced from youthful illusions. Indeed, he was the life and soul of any gathering, and his stories made your sides split and your hair stand on end, and the toughest hide to tingle. He was a man in a thousand to have by you when dirty work was afoot at the cross roads. That, perhaps, is why I never visualized him as a Cabinet Minister then. Who indeed did so? As a fact, his promotion has not been particularly rapid. He has slogged on and up laboriously and continuously since the War, and he has built a fine reputation. The Treasury, it is said, can ill spare him. But then the farmers need a strong helper. And for the matter of that, he would in my opinion be of untold value at the Home Office, where there is urgent work for a young, elastic, courageous, and determined man. The truth is there is not to-day an office of State which does not urgently need a man of about the age and possessed of the vigorous qualities which Major Elliot has revealed. Colonel Headlam is an older man, but he has the courage and the determination and the clear vision. It may be he will bring to bear on the Transport Ministry — that home of pious aspirations and golden promises—the Gateshead touch and a measure of order in the present chaos if he is allowed a chance by Mr. Pybus. The best point in the new appointments is a reduction of two Ministerial posts. Both the offices of Privy Seal and of Parliamentary Secretary to the Pensions Ministry have been latterly sinecures.

THE LEAGUE IN ECLIPSE.

—The League of Nations finds its stock to-day at a discount. It is a lamentable situation for a great International combine so proudly launched and so richly capitalized. And, like other International Trusts, it has brought down with it in its failure a host of honest investors and enthusiastic backers. That it has been brought to the verge of financial bankruptcy is not questioned. Its income is derived from dues which have not been paid. That its financial flair was not remarkable, a long tale of loans in default, floated and sponsored by the League, attests. That it has proved also bankrupt of ideas and achievements is a view less unanimous but strongly held. And now inevitably it meets the humiliating fate of proud ventures and world dictators. The rains rust the unfinished shell of its fine new registered offices; a queue of duns replace a queue of suppliants; naughty boys throw stones, and sluttish neighbours shoot rubbish in its courts. For 500 years England heaped injustice and insult on Ireland, and the rest of the world shrugged its shoulders or protested in whispered asides; yet surely Ireland got something of its own back with interest when, the other day, Mr. de Valera (who is throwing his weight about in all directions) chose that hour and that place to trounce the League and boost the Free State. *Laborant montes—ruit exiguus mus.* It is a tragic warning of what may be the end of civilization's finest ideal and the world's brightest dream, if those whom the peoples of the world, united in a common will to peace and understanding and forgiveness, have elected to represent them, continue to lack so signally courage, vision (both long and broad), and the honesty to discharge their clearly expressed mandate. At the moment the Lytton report, restrained and full of common sense as it seems, would appear to cast on the League an added responsibility which it simply cannot discharge.

A SOP TO CERBERUS.—

After listening last week to that insidious and persuasive spell-binder, "The Director of Talks," sketching out the proposed development of B.B.C. programmes, I began to be sorry for young men now entering upon journalism as a profession. The distant future of that fine, fighting career seemed to me to grow doubtful and obscure. Of all the improved facilities for knowledge and entertainment on which the Director touched, his proposal for brightening the news bulletins seemed to me to threaten the very existence of Fleet Street and daily journalism in the future. Prefacing his announcement with the opinion that a majority of listeners probably prefer to hear the day's news baldly stated and ungarnished with sensation, colour, and the inevitable "story," he admitted the existence of a more romantic minority, and promised them as a sop "five minutes" of red-hot, pulsing word painting descriptive of some notable or exciting item in the day's news. To what extent this new feature is a trenching on a Fleet Street prerogative, I do not know. I am ignorant of the terms of the compact, if any, made originally between the Press and Broadcasting, when Broadcasting first emerged as a great public servant—a rival service supplying news, uplift, and entertainment to the public. Certain it is that Fleet Street and the Press generally have all along treated the B.B.C. with the utmost generosity and respect and accorded it every facility, and I had always imagined that the baldness of the news bulletin was dictated by a mutual agreement between the parties in a word, that the more colourful sort of reporting was a service "reserved" to Fleet Street. If so, the agreement is henceforth to be varied in an important particular. For the B.B.C. promises if I rightly interpret the Director, the kind of super-reporting which only the wealthiest journals can supply, the sort of reporting which knocks out the struggling journalist and hands his "talent" to the rich man with ten "talents." For we may expect to hear the sensational trial of the hour described by a Filson Young, the motor racing thrill by a Malcolm Campbell, the political sensation in the House by a member of the Cabinet, and so on.

THE EYE AND THE EAR

—Knowing so little of the inner secrets I may well be wide of the mark, but to my ignorant mind this advance by the B.B.C. seems to strike a severe blow at the profession of journalism. Doubtless the most powerful press organs can supply next day a counterblast of equal force which the public will be willing to read. A Haldane for the B.B.C.; Oliver Lodge, a Churchill for a Ramsay MacDonald; but the smaller fry will be left high and dry and some of the wind will be stolen from the sails of Fleet Street. I comfort myself in all this with the thought of my own ignorance; and still more, with the belief that the ear has not yet driven the eye to disuse and atrophy. I believe the newspaper habit is still as firmly ingrained as ever it was and that men and women still need "the evidence of the eye" before they accept the truth of information supplied. But I see in it all an ever-increasing rivalry and I fear it. Because, in my view, it is such cut-throat rivalry which has given to journalism that sensationalism which the soberer members of the public deplore. But, indeed, there is nothing definitely new in this proposal of the B.B.C.

A SENSE OF PERMANENCE.

—The sense which above all others the human being strives to capture and keep is the sense of permanence. It is this sense which gives some sort of security to our lease of life and makes the things we do appear worth doing. We need assurance (or the image of it) that the bulb we plant will one day delight *our* eyes, that our sons will inherit the poor hundreds we manage to save, and that there will be a public school for them to go to if we take the trouble to put their name down for a house. And this sense of permanence was astonishingly easy to maintain even twenty years ago in (say) a great Whig country house. There indeed, everything was ordered on the basis of *Plus c'est la même chose*. And at the dawn of the century you could still get it strong, walking down St. James's Street any October afternoon or in the pavilion at Lord's in July. Just now it is plaguy difficult to find it anywhere. I spent a sunny afternoon last week looking for it in London. I drew a very complete blank at various clubs, found no satisfaction in St. James's or Bond Street, and saw nothing but change all round me and uncertainty before me in the length and breadth of the West End. I argued with myself as I walked. Precisely a year ago, my world—the only world (be it good or bad) I shall ever fit into—was crumbling to fragments. The gold standard was suspended, the Exchange was closed, the Bank rate was six per cent., the country's credit was destroyed, we faced immediate bankruptcy. To-day British credit stands as high as ever it did, our foreign creditors have received full payment and are in no anxiety, gilt-edged securities continue to soar, our Budget is well and truly balanced, the Bank rate is at two per cent., commodity

sletter

prices continue to rise, and merchant and broker sit up once more and take notice.

THE GERMS OF DESPONDENCY.

—Our world then, we may surely declare, has got through the narrowest squeak of its existence, but has *got through*. I was at the door of my bank now and went in to sniff the atmosphere, and found it indeed an atmosphere of permanence, sanity, and security. Everybody inside was working on a basis of permanence, as if in no doubt that the Derby would be run in 1950 and the Eton and Harrow match drawn in 1950 and the Boat Race won (by Cambridge) in 1950. There is no despondency here nor, I fancy, in any single one of the great financial or industrial or journalistic undertakings in the country. If there were despondency or panic or doubt as to the permanency of our institutions (which for ever change, of course), there would be no constructive work done. It is the man-in-the-street, the man in front of the loud-speaker, the man with time on his hands, who catches the germs of panic and despair which fly about. And upon my word, it is a virulent form of 'flu. Europe drifting into war, Germany secretly arming, the League bankrupt and impotent and ridiculous, half the smaller nations in debt or revolution; world peace, world trade, and world stability as far away as ever. The streets are unsafe. Inside the counting-houses and factories and shops, men and women are working confidently for prosperity returning. A year ago to-day salvation seemed impossible. To-day salvation seems impossible. I must try the effect of blind faith in statistics and begin to believe in that regular cycle of prosperity. I shall put my last-born down for a public school.

ENTERPRISE IN BOOKSELLING.

—In my voyage of discovery for optimism and enterprise in London, I must confess that I received a set-back at some of the leading booksellers. Needing a copy of one of Max Beerbohm's books, I visited three of the most famous houses, and in each case was met with the reply that there were very few inquiries for Max Beerbohm's works and that they kept none in stock. Another book which I sought in vain at a leading booksellers' was *Sir Walter's Post Bag*, a recently published, sound, and red-hot topical book. Not a single copy was stocked. Now, I don't underrate the appallingly difficult times through which booksellers are passing. There is the unceasing spate of books (arguing high optimism and courage among publishers); good, bad, and indifferent books poured out without regulation or control, passing no approved standard for their different genres, boosted often shamelessly to the damage of literature, affording in their aggregate a bare living, based on speculative principles, for an ever-growing horde of publishers. And as the glut increases, public appetite decreases. The epicure is jostled out, in part by economic depression, in part by the undiscriminating horde. The bookseller must cater for the horde, which follows a name and cares nothing for literary merit. The public is slower to buy and slower to pay, and it is not surprising that the publisher must whistle for his money from the booksellers and leave the author to draw in his belt. Here is vicious circle within vicious circle, and doubtless the urgent remedy for the distemper in the book trade is better trade and lower taxation. But that is no permanent cure. Unless the bookseller will once more show the courage of his convictions, there will be no return to the great days. The bookseller, as well as the publisher and the critic, has his duty to perform in educating the public. Until he has courage to stock with discrimination sound literature, he will never acquire a dependable clientèle. His job is still, as of old, not slavishly to sell named books, but to name and recommend books for sale.

GOOD-BYE, SUMMER.

— We have said good-bye to summer-time and summer. I look back on the summer of 1932 as one of the most delightful I can recall since the "legendary" summers of boyhood. Why I do so, I cannot say, for statistics don't bear me out. I observe in my diary that 5·20 inches of rain fell in May and nearly 4 in April. In June there are "almost freezing" days recorded among the fine and warm. Yet June was certainly a fine and dry month. July gave us 4·10 inches of rain; August a long dry and hot spell and a very low rainfall. Yet even August in many districts was remarkable for long spells of mist. September was patchy, at any rate on paper. Nothing very much statistically to boost the summer of 1932. I suppose there is an element of luck in it. Weather is much more local than we suppose.

THE OLD STAGER.

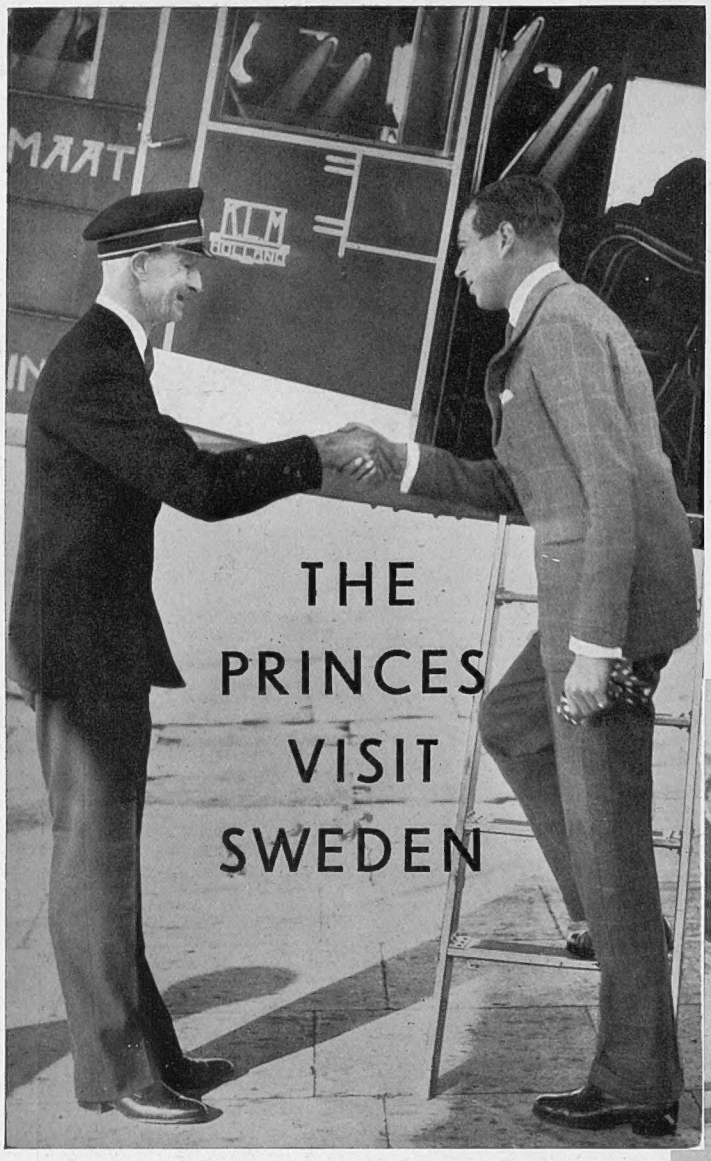
EXODUS: Sir Herbert Samuel (ex-Home Secretary) and Sir Archibald Sinclair (Secretary of State for Scotland), two of the Liberals to resign from the Cabinet

THE 'PLANE OF PEACE: Sir John Simon, who flew from Northolt to Geneva, is seen bidding *au revoir* to his step-granddaughter, Miss Angela Manning

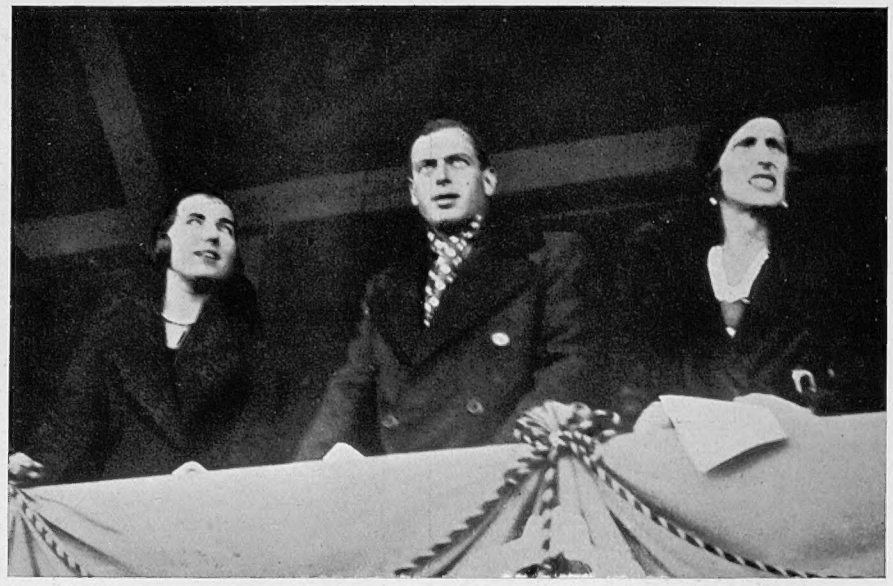
AUTUMN ON THE COUNTRYSIDE: Interested youngsters watch the contest at the West Grinstead and District Ploughing and Agricultural Society Competitions at Griffin's Farm, West Grinstead, Sussex. This is the season not only for ploughing competitions, but for hedging-and-ditching contests, and the whole countryside is covered with straining teams, fragrant with the scent of the brown, new-turned earth

LORD MAYOR-ELECT: Mr. Percy Greenaway, who has been elected for the year 1932-3, and Sir Maurice Jenks, the retiring Lord Mayor, seen together outside the Guildhall after the election. Mr. Greenaway, who is fifty-eight years of age, is extremely young to hold the office of Lord Mayor. He is a member of a firm of printers and stationers

THE PRINCES VISIT SWEDEN



PRINCE GEORGE TAKES TO THE AIR: The youngest of the Four Royal Musketeers at Croydon where he embarked on the ordinary Royal Dutch air liner to join the Prince of Wales



THE YOUNGER GENERATION: At a race meeting at Ulrilsdal the Princes attracted more attention than the horses! Princess Ingrid, Prince George, and Crown Princess Louise. Prince Karl of Sweden was also at the meeting

AT THE WEDELLSBORG CASTLE ON FUNEN: *(Seated)*—Princess Axel, Countess Frilze Ahlefeldt, Princess Eugenie, Countess Siegfried Raben, Countess Moltke-Hvitfeldt, Glorup, Baroness Rosenkrantz, Baroness Juel-Brockdorff, Feudal Countess Inger Wedell; *in the next row, standing*—Count Siegfried Raben, Count Ahlefeldt, Baron Juel-Brockdorff, Prince Axel, M. Ebbe Berner; *behind* are Sir Godfrey Thomas, Feudal Count Julius Wedell, Count Niels Frijs, Count Tito Wedell, Baroness Imhof, the Prince of Wales, Crown Prince Frederick, Count Moltke-Hvitfeldt, Glorup, the Hon. Piers Legh, and Adjutant to the Crown Prince, Captain Vest of the Swedish Navy

FAREWELL TO DENMARK: The Prince of Wales looks out of the train window on leaving Copenhagen. Prince Axel of Denmark is seen on the left-hand side of the picture

ON THE BALCONY: King Christian and Queen Maud of Denmark respond to birthday cheers

A JOLLY VISIT: The Prince of Wales, Prince George, and the Crown Prince of Sweden enjoy a joke when visiting the City Hall, Stockholm—whither they were accompanied by the Crown Princess

ACKNOWLEDGING VIVATS: The Prince of Wales, a pleased guest, with King Gustav, *en route* from the station to the Royal Palace

THE SPORTING PRINCE: His first day in Sweden, the Prince of Wales visited the links at Lidingo, in the environs of the Swedish capital. His golf is much improved of late

THE HUMAN SIDE of THINGS

MISS DOROTHY GISH, the comedienne of the famous silent film sisters, is busily engaged in "doing" London. She is seen in a jacket of military cut, a shako-like hat, and gauntlets outside Buckingham Palace

HOPING FOR THE BEST, ANTICIPATING THE WORST! One of the 800 anglers who participated in the Southern Amateur Angling Society's sea-angling festival held on the pier. Trophies to the value of £300 were offered

"WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY": Miss Dorothy Foster receives congratulations from Sir John Lavery and Miss Ivy Tresmand on her victory in the nation-wide contest which culminated in the Eugene Carnival Ball, Grosvenor House, for Britain's most beautiful girl

EGYPT BOUND: The 1st King's Dragoon Guards left Hounslow Barracks last week-end for service in the country of the Nile. The men are seen with the typical cheery grin our forces always wear when bound for active service, marching along (although a cavalry regiment!) with their friends

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY CHINA: A group of coolies enjoy themselves waiting for the next ship to unload

FROM CHINA TO JAPAN

A Voyage from Chaos to Order. The Publication of the Lytton Report on Manchukuo Lends a Note of Topicality to this Article from a Distinguished Writer now Resident in the Far East

By R. V. C. BODLEY

The traveller arriving in Japan from Europe or America may not be immediately struck by the efficient administration of the country, but to anyone coming direct from China the contrast between disorder and order, government and lack thereof, is unexpected and unforgettable.

After many months spent in various parts of China I had decided to visit Manchuria, or rather I should say the independent State of Manchukuo, with the idea of studying the situation on the spot, and from there making my way to Japan via Korea. Unfortunately floods in Harbin and bandits on the Shan Hai Kwan to Mukden Railway made this journey impossible and I was obliged to go from China to Japan by sea.

It was a grey autumn morning when I made my way out of the coolie-thronged station of Tangku and boarded the *Choko Maru* which lay in the estuary of the Hai Ho, but I did not somehow feel that I was leaving China and the easy life of the East. However, the moment I had paid off my smiling, chattering porters, ready to argue for half-an-hour over an extra 10 cent tip, I realized that I was in a new country and among a different people. Gone were the haphazard officials who, according to their mood, scowled and arrested the foreigner, or smiled and shared a bowl of tea with him. Gone were the untidy soldiers (China's solution to her unemployment problem) who travelled free on the trains and lived on the people merely because they wore the shabby grey uniform of China's Republic: the whole atmosphere of happy-go-lucky existence had vanished as I sat down in the spotlessly clean saloon of the steamer and began filling in a form which would give the Japanese Government every detail of my past, present, and future life. The fact that I entered myself under the heading of "profession" as an author caused the white-uniformed purser, who peered over my shoulder as I answered the "questionnaire" to interrogate me as to what I wrote about, what I was going to write about, and my views on the respective Governments of China and Japan.

To escape from my inquisition I went on deck and returned the bows of two Japanese officers who, rising from their chairs, clicked their heels and allowed their faces to relax into that set smile to which I was to become so accustomed during my travels in Japan.

I looked across at the shore for a last glimpse of muddling China, but China has disappeared, as the ship was moored at the Japanese military wharf, and all that I could see were trim little soldiers in khaki bowing to each other as they changed the guard, and I thought how funny it would be to see a Grenadier bowing to a Coldstreamer outside Wellington Barracks.

The *Choko Maru* sailed to the minute of the advertised time, and soon the muddy shores of China had vanished in the haze. There were only a few foreign passengers on board, and we were served with rather nauseating European food, which made me wish that we had been given the steaming sukiyaki which the ship's officers and Japanese travellers eat with chopsticks at a separate table. Seeing a Chinaman using chopsticks seems quite normal, while a Chinaman with a knife and fork looks out of place; but somehow Japanese officers in well-cut uniforms and business men in palm-beach suits and stiff collars pushing rice into their mouths from blue bowls and drinking hot saké out of tiny cups strike a wrong note and make one realize that though the Japanese has adopted and assimilated all things Western which, to his mind, add to efficiency, he has remained fundamentally Japanese and Oriental, convinced that the customs of his race are better than those of the white man.

It takes some time for the foreigner to grasp this difference between the Chinese and the Japanese, for whereas the former, while still considering themselves as superior to any other, and only grudgingly allowing Western inventions to supplant primitive methods of manufacture and transport, appoint foreigners to manage their railways, their custom-houses, and their post-offices, because they realize that the revenues will thus be honestly collected and remitted, they do not concede that Westerners are in any way better than they are, or that their mechanical inventions are signs of superiority; while the latter, selecting all things Western, be they commodities or machines, which they think will be helpful to the furthering of the interests of Japan, copy and reproduce them without the aid of foreigners, so skilfully that they can undersell the foreigner, and thus gather all business into their own hands. This is the reason why there are so few non-Japanese firms in Japan, and why the foreigners from other parts of the East are so forcibly struck by the absence of their compatriots in the trains, hotels, or streets, and accordingly consider it a dull country compared with China or the Straits.

The fact of the matter is that the Japanese are the only Orientals who are determined to keep their country exclusively for themselves, with businesses and pleasures organized for their own benefit, and will not conform, unless it suits them, to the insular Briton who clamours for his club and his race-course, or the Frenchman who hankers after his café, which things are taken for granted in the Straits or Indo-China. It is a strange point of view for the Westerner to take, but difficult to eradicate from minds brought up to regard the Far East as their private property.

It is even more difficult to make these people see that even if Japan is dull from a foreigner's social outlook, it is infinitely less dreary than America or Europe must be to a Japanese tourist.

The Japanese give travellers Westernized hotels with corresponding food and drink, European beds to sleep on, tennis courts, golf clubs and talkies. There are very few towns where someone does not speak English, or where papers in foreign languages cannot be bought; but let anyone think of cities in Europe or America where a Japanese will be able to make himself understood in his own language, or find anything remotely connected with his home life.

The foreigner is welcomed to Japan and encouraged to have intercourse with Japanese people, but it would never occur to the management of a London or provincial hotel to supply sukiyaki with chopsticks, and saké, or mat beds on the floor, and as for waiters who speak Japanese, or invitations to frequent private houses or join clubs—well, they just don't happen.

These thoughts flitted through my head as we sailed through the Yellow Sea, and later, cautiously made our way among the islands off Korea, until we finally cast anchor outside the quarantine station at the entrance of Moji harbour.

There had been a cholera scare in China, and before anyone was allowed to set foot in Japan every passenger had to undergo a meticulous medical examination. What a contrast to the Chinese who never give two thoughts to epidemics, and by their apathy hinder the foreign doctors trying to locate an outbreak.

After the quarantine inspection further forms had to be filled up, followed by a chatty interrogatory from the passport officer, a young man of well under thirty, but with an unexpected knowledge of foreign politics, who wanted to hear my detailed views on the Manchurian situation as well as my ideas about the verdict of the Lytton Commission, and I was surprised to find that not only with this official, but with other Japanese with whom I spoke, grave concern was evidently felt as to what the League of Nations' attitude to Japan would be.

These interrogations did not, however, terminate the landing formalities, as before the passengers and luggage could be transferred to the waiting launch a veterinary officer had to be sent for to sign a permit which would enable a small Thibetan puppy to enter Japan, and I thought, as I watched the white uniformed official (who for some reason wore a sword) tracing the picturesque characters on the permit, how the Japanese and the Chinese differed even in small matters; for who in China would worry whether a dog was added to the mangy, scavenging curs which infest every Chinese city, or whether rabies was rampant or not? In Japan I saw but very few apparently unowned dogs.

When finally we did reach the Customs house it was to be met by a platoon of men in white coats carrying large metal cylinders, from which they sprayed us and our luggage until we smelt like operating theatres, and finally satisfied that we had no microbes or contraband they let us out into the town. And here once more what a revelation of orderliness, what an advance on China!

Instead of the mob of dirty coolies yelling and fighting for the luggage, instead of the muddy or dusty station yard with its jumble of taxis and buses and rickshas, all trying to lure the traveller into hiring them, a few porters in uniform, each with a handcart on which the luggage was placed and wheeled along a well-kept asphalt road to a neat station as clean as the ship I had just left.

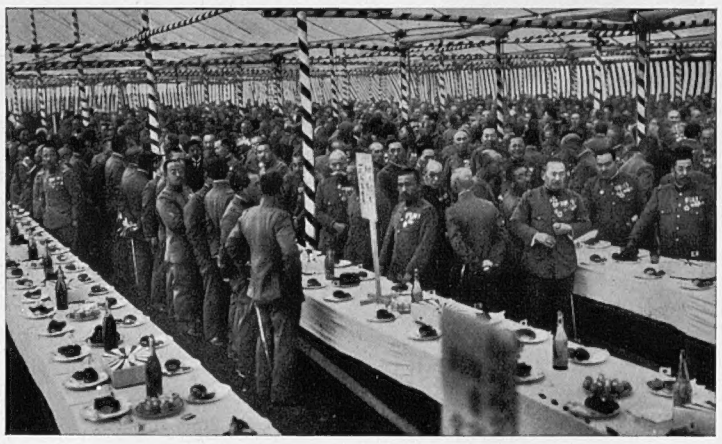
A uniformed official met me in the entrance hall and inquired in English of my destination, produced a time-table and advised me of the best train to take, took charge of my luggage, saw to the buying of my ticket, and refused any form of gratuity. I sat in a comfortable waiting-room and drank excellent Japanese beer, as until ten minutes prior to the train's departure the platform had to be kept clear of coolies and travellers.

At the appointed time for the departure of the Nagasaki express, a bell, operated from the station-master's office, rang automatically and the train glided away from the platform without any of those clangings of bells or blowing of whistles associated with stations in other parts of the world.

There was no dining car attached to the train, so I had to buy sukiyaki supplied in a wooden box complete with chopsticks, and bottles of a strange white beverage, labelled Japanese cider, which tasted of acid drops. A Japanese traveller, who sat on a seat near me, seeing that I was not really enjoying my meal, opened a large basket, and insisted that I should help myself to apples and chocolates, lending me his knife to peel the fruit, while with bows and smiles, expressing his hopes that I would enjoy my stay in Japan. His English was not very fluent, but it was evident that he wished me to take with me a good impression of his country. Later on I discovered that these acts of courtesy were rather the rule than the exception in Japan.

The train, as was to be expected, arrived in Nagasaki at the advertised time, and to my surprise I was met by a man from the Japanese Tourist Bureau. True, I had written saying that I was going to visit this part of Japan about that time, but I had not mentioned the date or the hour of my proposed arrival. How had my movements been found out? Oh, quite simple; a telephone call to Moji, miles away, where the necessary information had been supplied. What organization! Imagine telephoning from London to Liverpool, and having the exact date and hour of the departure of a Japanese traveller recorded!

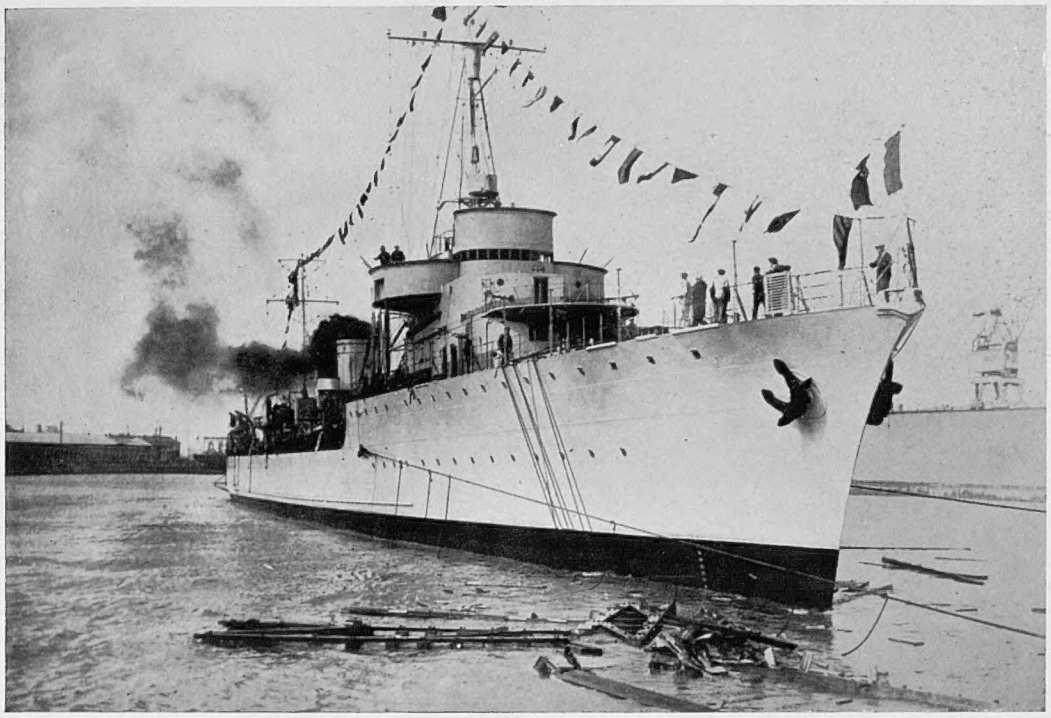
And that is Japan all through. Nothing is left to chance, the country is organized on a system with certain rules and regulations which are enforced. Every man knows his duty, and, what is more, everyone carries it out, with the result that there are order and safety for the inhabitant and traveller.



THE ORDER OF JAPAN: A general view of the dinner hall at Yasukuni Shrine, Tokio, on the anniversary of the occupation of Mukden during the Russo-Japanese War

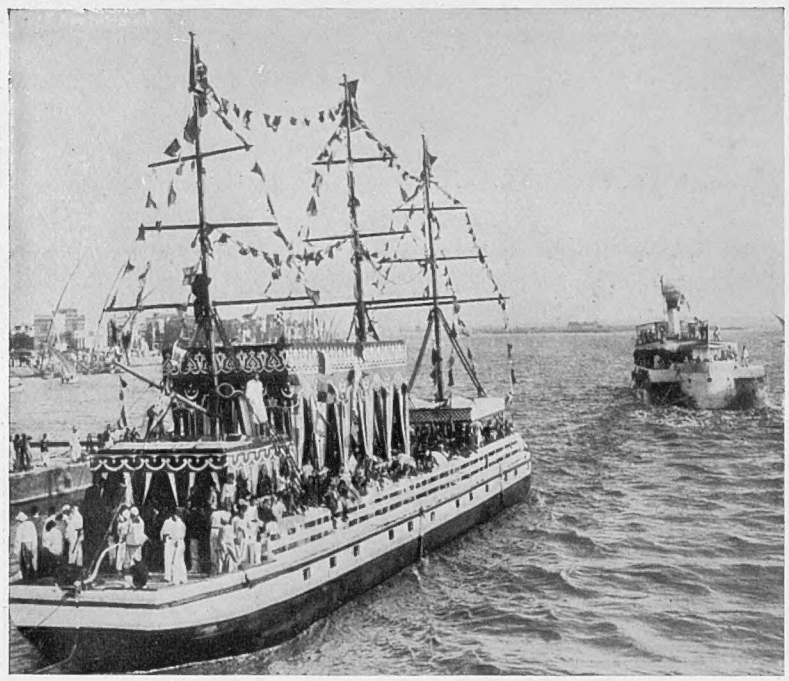
THE WORLD'S FASTEST DESTROYER

Launched by France, and Some Matters German



FRANCE: *On left* the new torpedo boat destroyer *Vaquelin* which was launched without ceremony at Dunkerque, designed for a 40-knot speed. The festivities were cancelled owing to the disastrous explosion on the submarine *Persee*. *On right* is the new flag in embroidered silk remitted a few days ago to the 28th Regiment of Infantry in the Pepiniere Barracks, Paris—a ceremony notable for its solemnity

GERMANY: *On left* is a group of girls collecting for the annual Winter Aid. In addition to money for the kitchens, clothes, dresses, and shoes were eagerly accepted. Police provide the transport and the same force fanfaronades the collectors' approach. *On right* is a group of masked and steel-helmeted police and Red Cross men at an air defence manœuvre staged at Potsdam



EGYPT: "The wedding of Father Nile"—when Isis sheds her tear into the river—a fête held when the Sheik of Nile measurement announces that the river has reached a height sufficient to irrigate every portion of the valley

GREENLAND: Eskimos gathered at the base of the 60 ft. Peary monument at Cape York after the obelisk had been dedicated by the explorer's daughter and his grandsons. The party of dedicators was transported by Captain Bartlett

JAZZ FOOTGEAR: The "Harlequin" rubber boot, one of the outstanding features of the Shoe and Leather Fair, which opened at the Royal Agricultural Hall. Devising a novel footwear is not an easy task

WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S WORK: Alderman S. G. Nunn, Mayor of Finsbury, with the children who won at the Baby Show of the Claremont Mission the two cot coverlets worked by the Queen

"GREAT IS DIANA"! Miss Fishwick receives congratulations on her victory in the Woman's Close Golf Championship at Royal Ashdown Forest from the runner-up, Miss Beryl Brown

"SANDWICH," owned by Lord Rosebery (H. Wragg up)—a candidate for the Cesarewitch, to be run next Wednesday

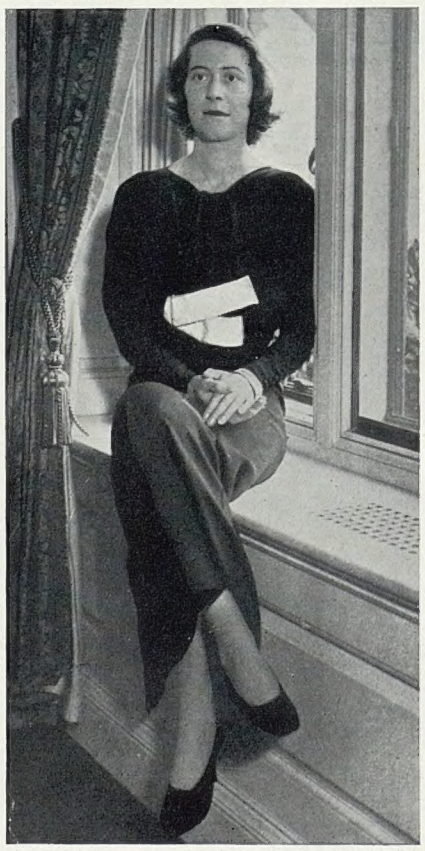
THEATRICAL SWEEPSTAKE SETTING: The boxes containing the counterfoils for the Cesarewitch sweep arrive at the Plaza Ballroom, Dublin, for the three days' stirring. The bodyguard is composed of princesses, warriors, and leprechauns from the legendary scene in which the draw is being staged this year

"GAINSLAW," owned by Mr. H. J. Simms, (J. Childs up), who is scheduled to run in the great autumn classic next Wednesday

Sasha

LONDON'S NEW MEETING PLACE: Sir John Drughorn's party at the Green Park Restaurant where Umberto is now maître d'hôtel

THE SALONIKA REUNION PARADE: F.M. Sir George Milne, in mufti, inspecting ex-V.A.D. nurses on Horse Guards Parade during the annual reunion of those who served in the Salonika campaign. Sir George was in command of the force when Bulgaria surrendered



MRS KAYE DON, who before her marriage was Miss Eileen Martin of Greenwich, Conn. She is seen in her home shortly after the wedding was announced

SOUNDING THE SHOFAR: The ancient ritual horn of Israel sounded at the Jewish New Year

THE LADY ALISHAH, the eighty-six year old mother of the Aga Khan, has recently arrived in London and is seen leaving her hotel veiled for a drive accompanied by her suite

STRANGE SAILING CRAFT

ON THE RIVERS OF WESTERN TURKESTAN

One of the typical vessels, rigged in Oriental fashion, that dot the waters of the Amu-Daria

A CRAFT OF THE FIJI WATERS

An outrigger canoe with matting sails and paddle steering

THE NATIVE SHIPS OF THE SULU SEAS

A typical Moro *Vinta* or outrigger sailing canoe in the neighbourhood of the Philippines

RACING IN SYDNEY HARBOUR

An eighteen-footer with bellying sails

ON THE INLAND SEA AT KOMATSUSHIMA IN JAPANESE WATERS

Ewing Galloway

Sampans equipped with sails are the craft characteristic of the area on the south-west coast of Shikoku Island

THE GRIMSBY FLEET OF CHINA AT SEA

Ewing Galloway

The Chinese fishing fleet seen off the coast of Chusan Island

PRIMITIVE PAINTINGS OF A PRIMITIVE RACE: A striking Bushman painting discovered near Theydon, the Marandellas District, Southern Rhodesia. Such work is done invariably on the smooth surface of granite boulders and they are placed where rain cannot spoil them. Although brilliant in colour, they fade very little even in the course of centuries, resisting all climatic erosion. The purpose of the pictures is obscure

THE CLOTHED HUMAN FIGURE that appears in the left-hand top picture is here seen in close up. It unquestionably represents an attire seen by the artists (who never left their district) in their own country. The head-dress and draperies render this a unique Bushman painting in all South Africa

IN DANCING DRESS: A typical Zulu boy who carries a stick instead of the traditional assagai now forbidden by the British Government. The uncombable hair of Zulu men is coiffed by their wives with horn sticks

TRADE ALLIES: The pygmies of the Ituri forest who are hunters and supply the tall Mangbetus with meat who, in return, supply their small partners with bananas—a picture taken near Mamunza

IN THE FOREST of the PYGMIES

A Special Sending, from the Ituri Forest, of Pictures of Note from Dr. Lidio Cipriani, of the University of Florence and the National Anthropological Museum of Italy, who is bound for the Tibesti Region to make Researches into the Habits of the Little-known Pygmy Tibbu Race

THE RIVER OF THE PYGMY FOREST: A scene on the Ituri, the river running through the pygmy area in the Belgian Congo. This reach is on the border of the forest. The pygmies seldom exceed four feet in height

A KUNG FAMILY OF THE KALAHARI DESERT, a monogamous race which builds no huts. Nomadic, they build wind breaks (wind "skirms") where they chance to halt day by day. They live by hunting and on roots

STRENGTHENING ITALY'S LEANING TOWERS

THE CITY OF TOWERS: A general view of the ruins of San Gimigaano, the Tuscany town that once boasted seventy-two such edifices—a number now reduced to but fourteen

DON PICCARDO, the engineer-priest, supervising his workmen when starting to correct the obliquity of the tower of San Stefano d'Aveto, near Genoa, Don Piccardo's own province

BEFORE AND AFTER: The astonishing correction made by Don Piccardo on the oblique tower of the Church of San Stefano d'Aveto by a method of his own—the replacement of bricks with sand

THE METHOD OF DON PICCARDO: The engineer-priest daily measured the gradually corrected angle

Where else could have been invented a new method for the straightening of oblique towers than in Italy, the home of numberless campanili? Don Piccardo, an engineer-priest from the Province of Genoa, felt the necessity of straightening those oblique towers "pointing not quite exactly to where God actually lives." His method is to "cut out" a gap of 20 or 30 cm. at the base, replacing the bricks, stones, etc., cleared away by sand. The straightening process then follows by the tower itself in short time without human assistance. In this way so far nine campaniles have been successfully brought into vertical position.

HORSE HUNTING IN SWEDEN

CAPTIVES: A number of wild horses captured during a round-up in the island of Gothland of a herd of some 200 animals—the only remnants of the North Scandinavian breed

ONE HORSE—FOUR MEN: A picture from Gothland showing the efforts that have to be made to capture even one wild horse and to lead him even when well roped up

REGRETTING THE FREEDOM OF YESTERDAY: One of the seventeen foals captured stands beside its mother in the stockade mourning for its lost liberty

A TYPICAL WILD HORSE—spare, strong, and sinewy—recently captured in the big round-up

Horse-hunting is a very rare pleasure in Europe, but the other day an official Swedish party drove together no less than sixty wild horses, peacefully grazing at the "Lojsta Haid," in the island of Gothland where a herd of some two hundred horses, the only remnants of the North Scandinavian race, is set at liberty for procreation. The horses are dwarfs in comparison with big Ardenners, but very strong and useful. When, with many precautions, the sixty horses had been driven together, thirty animals succeeded in breaking the chain of guards and galloped forest-wards. In their quite untamed state the small animals were kicking fearfully, and the veterinary surgeons and their helpers had a busy time to reduce them to mildness. The young foals, seventeen in number, were charming to look at, and seemed to be the only disinterested beings on the spot.

OLD RESIDENTS AT THE ZOO

THE ZOO'S OLDEST INHABITANTS: The pair of Asiatic white cranes which came to the Zoo on July 29, 1901, and have laid ever since 1903 but have, unhappily, never hatched

THE ZOO'S SECOND OLDEST INHABITANT: The cinereous vulture which has lived at Regent's Park since July 31, 1901. The bird is now definitely fallen into the sere and yellow leaf

THE OLDEST MAMMALIAN INHABITANT OF THE ZOO: Bessie, the kinkajou

Bessie, the kinkajou, arrived at the Zoo on August 2, 1911, and was then said to be eight years old. In consequence she is now twenty-nine years old. For some considerable time Bessie has been toothless, but as her food consists almost entirely of grapes and bananas the absence of teeth is not a very material loss. In a wild state Bessie could not possibly have survived for so long without teeth, but in spite of this sign of old age Bessie can still climb her tail. Bessie is so fat and her skin so loose that by a gentle pressure on top of the head the fat and skin on her forehead can be pushed over until it reaches in front of her nose.

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NANGA PARBAT, 26,629 ft., the ninth highest mountain in the world, and a colossus even in the gigantic range of the Himalaya, now being assailed by the German-American Himalayan Expedition. This mountain has claimed one notable victim in the person of Mr. A. F. Mummery, who was lost with his two bearers in 1895

NANGA PARBAT: A composite picture of the 26,629 ft. Himalayan peak fronting on Kashmir, taken from only three miles away. This mighty peak shows a blank wall on one face, dropping over 16,000 ft. in sheer perpendicularity into the depths—the greatest of such phenomena in the world. It is on the cards that even this peak may be conquered —from another face

Vittorio Sella

SINIOLCHUM, a subsidiary peak of Kanchanjanga, above the Zemu glacier. Although 5,580 ft. lower than the main summit, has been called "the embodiment of inaccessibility." The knife-like ridges of ice are so thin that the sun can be seen shining through them

THE BATTLE of the GIANTS: Attack on the 25,000-Footer

By Captain F. O. HODGKINSON

The attack on the mountain giants of Asia continues. Of the thirteen Himalayan peaks above 25,000 ft., not one has yet been conquered; that is, if news is not already on the way to the effect that the "Dahe" Expedition (German-American Himalayan Expedition) has been successful on Nanga Parbat, of whose 26,629 ft. they are already reported to have passed the 23.000 ft. mark.

Despite the many attacks on the snow- and ice-clad peaks of the great Asian mountain range—"the backbone of the world," as it is sometimes described—the giants remain unsubdued. Efforts have been made by Britons, Germans, and Italians, with extraordinary courage and energy, but the topmost walls of Everest (29,002 ft.), Kanchanjanga, K2 (Chogo Ri), and the others have nullified all attempts and claimed many brave lives.

The latest news of the fight which goes on year by year is that Mr. Hugh Ruttledge has accepted the invitation of the Mount Everest Committee to be the leader of the new British Expedition, which is to make an effort to conquer the peak next year. He has had much experience in the Himalayas during the past ten years. As on Everest, ground will be covered which in the past has demanded heavy sacrifices, so the present attack on Nanga Parbat follows up a path which has claimed its victim. Only one real attempt has previously been made to scale this most formidable mountain: that of the British climber, A. F. Mummery, in 1895. He and his two bearers were lost in the venture.

Of Kanchanjanga (28,150 ft.) a great deal has been learnt through the Dyhrenfurth Expedition at the beginning of last year, the story of which has been told by Mr. F. S. Smythe, hero of the Kamet (25,447 ft.) enterprise. In Mr. Smythe's opinion the only peak of the Himalayan giants which may definitely be said to be accessible to mountaineers, is Everest. Kanchanjanga will defy attack until other than existing methods of mountaineering are devised and employed. Nevertheless the Dyhrenfurth Expedition resulted in the collection of tremendously important information, chiefly in regard to the uses of oxygen, equipment, medicine, and food at the higher altitudes, and of transport. Oxygen it was decided, should only be used medicinally; as a stimulant it produced an unsatisfactory reaction, and greater heights may be attained without it provided a period of acclimatization is allowed, as the Everest experiences proved. Over 20,000 ft. light sugary foods —jams, biscuits, chocolates, fruit, and milk—were found to be most suitable.

Nanga Parbat stands ninth on the list of high Himalayan peaks. The participants in the present "Dahe" party took a somewhat different route to the base from that which I myself took. Starting from Srinagar, the beautiful capital of Kashmir, the party continued on foot to Bandipur, where the coolies were assembled. For the 250 miles farther to Doyan, at the foot of the massive, it would have been easy to follow the Indus through the Rakiot Valley to the base of the northern flank of Nanga Parbat. But permission to pass this way was refused, owing to the unsettled state of the somewhat truculent natives of this region, and so with about 200 coolies the adventurers had to negotiate three Himalayan ridges before, on July 9 last, they reached Doyan.

On June 22, move was made to the base camp near the Rakiot River, from where the massive rose abruptly upwards, and on June 24 the advance guard delivered their first attack, their efforts being directed towards reaching the communicating ridge between Rakiot Peak and the summit of Nanga Parbat. Illness created a serious obstacle to advance, nevertheless on July 28 last, Merkl, the leader, Bechtold, and Wiesner, were able to get from Camp 6, at about 18,750 ft., to Camp 7 at 22,965 ft. From here it is a more or less direct line to the top. From Camp 7, according to the report just received from Merkl, the view presented of Nanga Parbat was of a blank wall dropping perpendicularly over 16,000 ft. into the depths—the greatest mountain wall in the world. Any day now we may expect news of further success, and indeed, the tale of the full conquest of Nanga Parbat is anticipated any minute.

The mountain is the great peak of the Western Himalayas—not the greatest by a long way, but the sheer depth of its flanks is not approached by any other mountain in the world.

I can imagine the awe and wonder with which those three brave climbers looked up on the tremendous wall from their last reported camp, for I, too, have looked in wonder at Nanga Parbat from close range though not from the great altitude which these men have attained to. It remains one of the most impressive of my memories which wander amongst the Himalayan ridges. Over night there had been a heavy storm with snow, which I saw as I stepped out into the open next morning, piled up on the mountain in great masses. As the sun struck the fresh snow and began to have effect, the fun began. From nine o'clock onwards avalanche after avalanche rumbled down the precipitous slopes. It was a truly fearful sight. By eleven the vast mountain was almost entirely obscured from view by the clouds formed of drift arising from the avalanching snow.

(Continued on p. 76)

SURVEY o' the SPHERE

AN ALFRESCO ART GALLERY IN CHICAGO: In view of the great expense involved in the hire of adequate exhibition rooms in "The Windy City" a great patron of the arts has rented one of the big city lawns on which artists may display their work for sale. Negroes are among the exhibitors

CASTE BARRIERS FALL: "Untouchables" before their homes adjoining the Kali Ghat Temple which, after 3,000 years, has been thrown open to them

THE NEW HOME OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: Great progress is being made on the huge building now in course of construction in the Parc l'Ariana in Geneva. A view of the work appears above. Great Britain has but a small share in the contracts for the building

THE GORDONS IN DENMARK: A dense crowd listening to the band of the 2nd Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders playing at the British Fair in Copenhagen

JAPAN'S OLYMPIC TEAM (save the aquatic competitors) welcomed home in Tokio. Mr. Mikio Oda, the captain, is seen above responding to the *banzais*

PRINCESS OF JAPAN: H.I.H. Princess Takano-Miya at the Neno Station, Tokio, on her return with her sisters from the summer residence, the Nasu Imperial Villa

CHICAGO'S MAYOR, Mr. Cermak, rides with Mr. Rufus C. Dawes, President of the World Fair of 1933, on his return from a European tour, through wildly cheering crowds

THE INCARNATION OF NEW SPAIN: Señora Ansaldo, Spain's crack aviatrix, who recently completed arrangements for her attempt to fly from Barcelona across the Riff and High Atlas and thence, *via* the Sahara, French West Africa, and Nigeria to the Spanish island colony in the Gulf of Guinea—one of the most difficult landing grounds imaginable

THE NEW WOMAN OF

With the Passing of the Old Hispaniola Woman Aided and Abetted by the

By FERDINAND

notion when launching his gospel a decade ago was, "Away with the adult generation, for I can do nothing with it. Give me the young to mould." He was kind and considerate to the war generation—they should be humoured—but for him they were damaged goods, cast, frayed, stigmatized, beyond ever fitting into his full scheme. The Duce took the young, the very young—a cotraider was he.

At the western end of the Mediterranean an interesting experiment in the female sex, along the same lines, may now be said to be under way. The emancipation of Spanish womanhood differs from all other man-equality moves of the century in that, unlike England, Germany, Scandinavia, the United States et al., which lands suddenly bestowed the vote upon women, aged twenty to the grave, and deemed them of common metal to the State, the fashioners of the new Spain don't reason like that. On paper the Cortes have enfranchised all women over twenty-five, but in reality the Republic is hardly banking on any women *over* that age. All hopes are set on the voteless ones of to-day, on Spanish girlhood, whose mothers, even young mothers, are considered too set in their confessional habits for any hope of redemption.

You have only to think what happened with ourselves to agree what a novelty, revolution in female emancipation, this is. A handful, a nice handful, chained themselves to the railings, and then the War came, and nobody cared a hoot, and Mr. Asquith acted like a man, and a slightly larger handful of women knew what it was all about, and many millions of others didn't and don't yet, and don't look like wanting to, either, although Mr. Baldwin later acted even more like a man than Mr. Asquith. There never has been the faintest attempt (in the absence of a revolution with its ridding enthusiasms) to collar Jane and Jill and Violet, and make a man of every one of them. We have let the sweets grow up—just that. And with the result that they have merged with their mothers and grandmothers at the polling booth.

Not so Carmencita, and all the little Carmencitas at present romping in the plazas of the Peninsula. To them, the Mussolinian doctrine of balillas and avanguardisti is to be applied. (I had almost written "of giovane italiane," but that would be misleading in that at the eastern end of the Mediterranean girls are being moulded to become fertile housewives and Red Cross nurses.)

And that is worthy of attention, too—the widely different ends for which the Latin women at either extremity of the Mediterranean are henceforward being built up, though of climate and past influence identical. The Roman voice is explicit; not an atom of man-challenging, of political levelling is to be looked for by Fascist girlhood whose emancipation lies in other and nature-ordained realms.

"Oh, come, come," echoes across from Barcelona and Madrid. "A lot of use *that's* been! You watch us—we're going to give the dears a flying start in an all-comers' affair!"

Which is much the Spanish way. They will take the big plunge first, and then trim according to how events pan out; they refuse the step-by-step advance to the goal controlled by such events. Is this wisdom? Spain to-day is gripped by adversity, with no hope even on the distant horizon of indrawing countless women into paid work, intellectual, clerical, craft, or brawn, without a parallel wholesale heaving out of men on to the pavement. Nevertheless, all the girls in Spain are to be trained towards wage-earning (at present the teachers are being taught), and we are to witness the first thorough-paced training of both sexes up from the roots together. Let us not be obscurantist. This is brave, new-world stuff all right. Who knows but that women's place in that courageous universe may be decided in the cradle of Europe? If the cradle were neglected the prospect might brighten.

It would be foolish ever to underestimate the effect of Hollywood on contemporary civilization. Evidence from sound sources tells that forty-five-second kisses by La Albertini on the screens of Spain first opened the eyes of the señoritas—the eye, most sensitive of Spanish recipients: the señoritas remembered all the goings-on surrounding those kisses when later they gazed at their holy pictures on the wall. Before the monarchy fell the insidious spell was already working. When Berenguer went, two of the principal newspapers, *El Sol*, of Madrid, and *La Publicidad*, of Barcelona, opened an enquiry as to what might be in the minds of feminine youth. The answer was as good as unanimous: "We don't want to resemble our mothers any more and we want to earn our living!" And in secret days republican flags were sewn behind shuttered windows.

On the surface, the Revolution was accomplished outside of women, outside of any woman. Spain being unexpected, promptly women were given all with a lavish hand, although only three women were returned to Parliament out of some 600 deputies. Which was very

THÉ DANSANT: The popularity of such a function as this—the picture shows one on Mount Tibidado, Barcelona—in once chaperone-ridden Spain, shows to what lengths the Revolution has affected manners, if not morals

Although in the mass and internationally they appear to be getting more out of life than I have ever known them to, these are not reputed to be times of happy augury for women. The hard-pressed male is on the warpath, in more than one land, scheming to take back what he bestowed in slap-up days.

In Germany, a Frauenfront has had to be formed at Hamburg to combat the brute: out of 25,000 different projects to aid employment submitted to the Reich's Minister of Labour, the overwhelming majority included a demand for the immediate suppression of female labour; no wonder that a horoscope of German women shows Saturn to be at work. In Norway a municipal move against the employment of married women is signalled, thin end of the wedge; and the same notion gains ground in France, where the Senate recently gave un enterrement de première classe to the Votes for Women Bill, although here the work problem was hardly uppermost. France and Switzerland almost alone resist the suffrage which has put the ballot in the hands of 150,000,000 women in forty countries, and France frankly admits the intellectual equality of her women—and how should she not with Mlle Le Sennep wiping the board in the highest philosophical award and half of the Sorbonne now being étudiantes, and the better, non café, studying half—France admits mental and moral equality but, with 20,000,000 of the feminine sex and 2,000,000 already enrolled under clerical voting banners, the Republic fears for its godless régime.

LA CAMPOAMAR, one of the dominant women of modern Spain whose activities are described above

Yet, are women necessarily anti-republican? Perhaps it depends a good deal how you take them. At any rate, come now where the sun is shining for women: in the newest Republic—

The Fascist founder's ruling

A PIONEER: Condesa (now Señorita) Pilar Careaga, who is the only woman to hold an official licence as an engine-driver. She recently drove an express at 62 m.p.h. from Barcelona to Madrid

SPAIN

Comes the New Spanish New Republic

TUOHY

caballero. Still, perhaps it would be as well to consider these three women. In their persons reside the conflict and aspirations of to-morrow.

The outside world is chiefly familiar with Victoria Kent, Castillian descendant of a British officer, who runs prisons at the head of a personnel of cropped garçonnes whose "illumined maternity" for their charges, including the connubial cell and holidays, has not been so good. Hopefully, Victoria is now starting a female penitentiary which will be reserved for young ladies holding a university, central school, or commercial degree.

Victoria is very hot stuff on prison reform. All stockbrokers shall be together, and so on. No more contagious promiscuity of all ages, all crimes. Personally, I imagine Victoria is rather more interesting

Ewing Galloway

THE INCARNATION OF OLD SPAIN with its picturesqueness, its devotion—and its inefficiency (judged by modern standards). The picture shows pilgrims from Seville to a shrine forty miles out of the city to celebrate the Rocio (Feast of the Dew)—a fiesta that lasted a week and partook of the nature of a carnival. If any of the wagons balked, the entire line waited in patience, the epitome of their philosophy, "Mañana" probably on their lips

"SHATTER THE VISION FOREVER!" is the motto of modern Spain at sight of such regal-cum-ecclesiastical pomp as this—a group including the Duke of Lecera and the Marchioness of Arguelles with other members of the nobility at the Royal Palace in Madrid on the occasion of the celebration of the Feast of Candlemas in 1929

on pure feminism. She, it is, who would check and postpone and manipulate Spanish women's voting until two or three elections have gone by, until the mothers of to-day have gone to sit at their front doors skinning garlic and bowing as the priest passes. "The women's vote will first be used by the extremes of Right and Left. It will not find its true force until the electress has become socially independent and has acquired her own political viewpoint—complicated affair. Up till now her ambiance has been hopeless." And: "Women's political groups seem to me archaic. I see no difference between the social and political ends of the sexes."

This remark brings one up with a less known but possibly more important person, Clara Campoamar, who doesn't agree. The two have great duels in the Cortes, when the male mob makes the ring. The greatest duel was over the vote. Victoria wanted to have it definitely postponed, but "La Campoamar," with her lawyer's thrusting, carried the day, as she seems to be now again doing with her Republican Feminine Union seeking to rope all Spanish women into one party, contrary to Victoria's way of thinking. Clara also has a plan to unite the women of all nations in a pacifist crusade. And she is not one to be dismissed too lightly.

"La Campoamar" was chosen of the select band to frame the Constitution, and how she did go for the poor curés! They were the one enemy of women, she said, and Spain has had enough of them. Hers was the hand that hit the Jesuits hardest, that drove Cardinal Segura from the land. And how pale is anti-pubbing in Plymouth compared with that! "La Campoamar" also, it was, who led the onslaught for complete female emancipation in regard to civil and political rights, divorce, illegitimacy, property, the whole caboodle. "I found in our Constitution an article taken from the German: 'Men and women have the same rights in principle.' That said nothing to me. I amended it to this: 'There shall be between men and women no matter of privilege due to birth, sex, or social class.'"

The third woman M.P., Margarita Nelken, has got the working-class women who carry her on high when she visits her Barajoz constituency which she represents as an extreme Socialist. "Margerit" is blonde and provocative and has a voice, a smile, a way with her which captivates the Cortes, despite no looks and a German father which led to trouble for a time. "Margerit" may yet be *the* woman of the new Spain. A talented authoress, playwright, lecturer, journalist, she is fearfully advanced and worships at the shrine of Clara Zetkin, now of Moscow. Vitally woman, she swears by *discipline*, which has a familiar ring, and she works herself up into a fury at the misery of Andaluçia and at prostitution.

"Our Spanish girl is a treasure of abnegation and ignores vice, but if she is betrayed by her novio she is defenceless. It shall end." "Margerit" also makes a speciality of going out after the nuns whose unpaid labour in places of security puts the workgirl—paid three pesetas a day—on the pavement with nought to choose from save prostitution or tuberculosis. And as for "Margerit" on the confessional! The three women leaders are utterly united here. But perhaps "Margerit" has ventured further than either of the others by taking a tomahawk also for the impregnable Civil Guard, showing up its brutalities. I repeat, what is anti-pubbing in . . .

Well, you see the coming-on señoritas seem to have the leaders.

"Margerit" has her own club which runs to an American bar, bridge, and lectures. "La Campoamar" has hers, too, the Feminine University Circle. Concha Espina has the National Association. Another club is the Aspiration, while the Catholics retort with the Professional Feminine University already counting 120,000 members, approaching the R.A.C. And the Soviet has its cellular club, the Ateneo. Women's clubs are the order of the day. May one hope they do not emulate the fatuity and Freudian chatter-without-end of their American forerunners.

I go to Spain whenever I can. But please don't think I'm going to put down any personal view here. Lord Northcliffe used to say, "Never write about women unless you have had first-hand hand and prolonged experience, and then go gently." I may qualify better than one or two of our leading authors, but prefer to conclude with a paragraph from *The Times*:

"In the past, on the rare occasions when opportunity served, Spanish womanhood has produced some remarkable personalities. The influence of women in the home has always been paramount. Now their sphere of action has been suddenly enlarged, with consequences impossible to foresee. If observers who credit Spanish women with more energy and character than their husbands and brothers are justified, the effects of the new law may well be momentous."

DONNA VICTORIA KENT, whose *forte* is prison reform. She is of British descent

A THRONE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Rediscovered and on Exhibition in London Next Week

The Art Treasures Exhibition, 1932, is to be held under the auspices of the British Antique Dealers Association at the Great Rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, 3, King Street, St. James's. Below are some notes on two of the finest exhibits

THE THRONE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH: Made especially for the greatest of the Tudors

On right — THE DRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH embroidered in gold spangles

TWO EXHIBITS OF UNPARALLELED MERIT

The outstanding exhibit is, without question, the remarkable Elizabethan throne. The paramount interest attached to this centres not only in its beauty of design and exquisite English embroidered velvet of the sixteenth century, but on account of its historical association with Queen Elizabeth. It is the only throne of its kind in existence known to have been made specially for the Queen. It was used on the occasion of her visit to Sir Roger Wodehouse at Kimberley House, Norfolk, in the year 1578. The throne consists of a suspended canopy, of which the front and sides are of ruby-red velvet on which is applied a gold and silver tissue tinted with colours and edged with gold bullion thread. The triangular panels have foliated strapwork in which are introduced symbolical motifs and emblems such as the Tudor rose, eglantines, and leopard. The borders have a flowing scroll of beautiful flower and foliage design. From this canopy hangs an embroidered and escalloped pelmet, similarly enriched with gold and edged with fringe and tassels. The ceiling is also of ruby velvet, which is centred by an embossed rondel enclosing an escutcheon bearing the arms of Wodehouse quartering Corbet. It is prolonged at the back to hang down to form a background for the head; on this is embroidered in high relief, in coloured silks and gold and silver bullion thread, an achievement of the crest, supporters, and the arms of the Wodehouse family (sable on a chevron or gutté de sang, between three cinquefoils ermin) and eight other quarterings, being the arms of families with whom they had intermarried. The front of the seat of the throne is of red velvet embroidered in a similar manner and design to the canopy (the velvet on the actual seat, sides and below the head piece is a replacement).

"The bodice and sleeves of the Queen's dress embroidered in gold spangles, left as a compliment to the lady of the house of Wodehouse." This most remarkable apparel will also be shown. It consists of a jacket and bodice with stomacher and cap and gloves to match. They are of cream-coloured silk, very richly and heavily embroidered in gold bullion, worked in a design of spiral scrolls ending in formal flowers, the ground being sown with sequins. This apparel is probably unrivalled anywhere both for the excellence of preservation and its magnificently representative character

THE SCOTTISH SEASON: A Record of 1932

AT THE PERTH HUNT RACES: Sir J. Douglas Ramsay of Banff, Commander Sir Guy Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Mr. Alisdair MacGregor, and Mr. W. McGregor, both of Cardney, at Scone Palace Park

AT THE PERTH HUNT STEEPLECHASE: Miss Jean Scott and Captain James Drummond Moray in the paddock

AT THE PITLOCHRY GATHERING: Colonel C. A. J. Butter of Pitlochry and the Duke of Atholl at the rain-ruined games

ON PERFECTION TEE, NORTH BERWICK: Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple, Bart. *(seated)*, watches the second Lord Kinross driving

MR. and MRS. A. MACLEAN at Oban

IN THE GOLF "GALLERY" AT NORTH BERWICK: Lady Burghley, wife of Lord Burghley the hurdler, with her daughter, the Hon. Davina Cecil

INVERNESS, THE LAST OF THE GATHERINGS: Mr. C. Fletcher of Saltoun, Miss Jean Campbell of Laggan, Mr. B. V. Chinnery Haldane of Gleneagles, Mr. David Campbell of Laggan, and Colonel Fraser of Baldarroch at Inverness

AT THE ABOYNE HIGHLAND GATHERING: Miss Rosemary Davidson, Miss Grizel Thomson, Miss Penelope Davidson, Miss Rome Davidson, Miss Daphne Thomson with *(behind)* Lieut.-Commander Alistair Davidson, R.N.

AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING AT OBAN: Master Dugald Malcolm; his father, Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch, Miss Dawn Gould of London, and Miss Mary Malcolm, a daughter of Sir Ian, watch the games

THE COUNTY OF

THE COUNTY HALL on the Surrey side of the Thames whence the greatest City in the world is governed

It is one of the most fortunate anomalies in this country that the Londoner is not interested in its governing body—the London County Council. I say this because a Labour majority in the L.C.C. would have the direst financial results. As it is, there are forty members of the Labour Party in the Council who are always trying to increase the money spent in every possible way. If they got into power they would no doubt double the pay of the Fire Brigade, of the teachers, and of everybody else. They would increase the Poor Law relief, now happily removed from the province of the twenty-five Boards of Guardians, and generally make London as insolvent as Poplar. Even now, by their amendments, they sometimes prolong a meeting of the Council from the normal four hours to a session of seventeen or more.

Having stressed which, one can safely keep off the subject of politics and delve into the internal mechanism of the most powerful body in the country. The L.C.C., for example, is far and away the biggest landowner in the country. Take Becontree, which is the site of only one of its housing schemes. Here there are 25,000 homes with 120,000 inhabitants. The L.C.C., taken by and large, rules the lives and provides the comfort of more people than there are in the whole of Ireland. It is done with the minimum of fuss and publicity. It has no annual procession with boy scouts and bagpipes and effigies of emus. It has no showy ritual, no elaborate uniforms, no 600-year-old traditions. It does its job thoroughly, quietly, and, whatever people may say, at a minimum of expenditure. It is true that the staff numbers no fewer than 86,000. Yet the Clerk of the Council himself gets far less than the Town Clerk of Liverpool, while the titulary head, the Chairman of the L.C.C., works for exactly nothing. Mr. Montagu Cox, the bearded clever Clerk of the Council, is clerk of no fewer than twenty-three committees; and an L.C.C. committee actually gets work done, unlike the usual House of Commons Committee, which is all smoke and no fire.

The chief reason why Londoners pay no real attention to the L.C.C. is probably their inability to grasp its immensity. Although the L.C.C. was started only forty-three years ago, when the annual expenditure was something over £1,000,000, it now has an annual budget of £40,000,000, which is more than the whole State of Denmark—bacon or no bacon. Every year new and important responsibilities are laid on its shoulders. In 1904 it was the brunt of education in London. Last year it was the control of the 100 hospitals and the twenty-five Boards of Guardians in London.

Fortunately for the Londoner, the outlook of his County Council has ceased to concern itself purely with bricks and mortar. People are no longer treated as spots which may contaminate their neighbours. They are regarded as individuals to be cared for personally. Put it another way. It is no longer an administration of the inanimate. It is the kindly control of the individual. It is not good enough any more for an official of the L.C.C. to know how many bricks make five. He needs to know how many fingers or, better still, how many minds make five. Not only is the public protected against the possibility of unsafe restaurants or dangerous petrol and dumps. Protection is given to the blind and the destitute, and transitional benefits are provided as well.

At any given moment in the course of the year the earnest inquirer into the organization of the L.C.C. will find that there are twenty standing committees and at least six special committees, the members of which are paid nothing for their services. There are, of course, a number of salaried officials who are employed year in and year out—men whose duties are of paramount importance to the Londoner and yet whose names are not known to one in 20,000. I am prepared to bet that if, at your next dinner party, you ask your guests, however well-informed, the names (not to mention the duties) of such all-important people as the Head of the London Fire Brigade, the Chairman of the L.C.C. himself, the Chief Engineer and County Surveyor, the Superintendent Architect of London's buildings, the Chief Education Officer, the Chief Officer of Supplies, even the Comptroller of the L.C.C. and the Medical Officer of Health, none of them would know more than half their names, and probably none of them at all. And yet these men are responsible for the economic spending of millions of pounds a year.

Take Mr. Peirson Frank, the Chief Engineer. Every day nearly 300,000,000 gallons of sewage have to be dealt with—an equivalent of about 50 gallons per head. Every day 7,000 tons of London sludge are carried out to sea beyond the mouth of the Thames. The first Act of Parliament for the sanitary improvement of London was passed in 1388. Then came the Bill of Sewers in the time of Henry VIII, which was only repealed 400 years later, in 1930. Why, there are 7 miles of subways alone in London. They are inspected daily. Peirson Frank has many other things to look after. The widening by 30 ft. of Putney Bridge and the new Lambeth Bridge are two little trifles which have recently engaged his attention. There are 400 miles of drains under his care, not to mention 2,500 miles of local sewers owned by the City and the twenty-eight Metropolitan Borough Councils.

EDUCATION must be administered to 900,000 pupils of all ages, two-thirds of whom are at elementary schools. Education costs roughly £14,000,000 a year

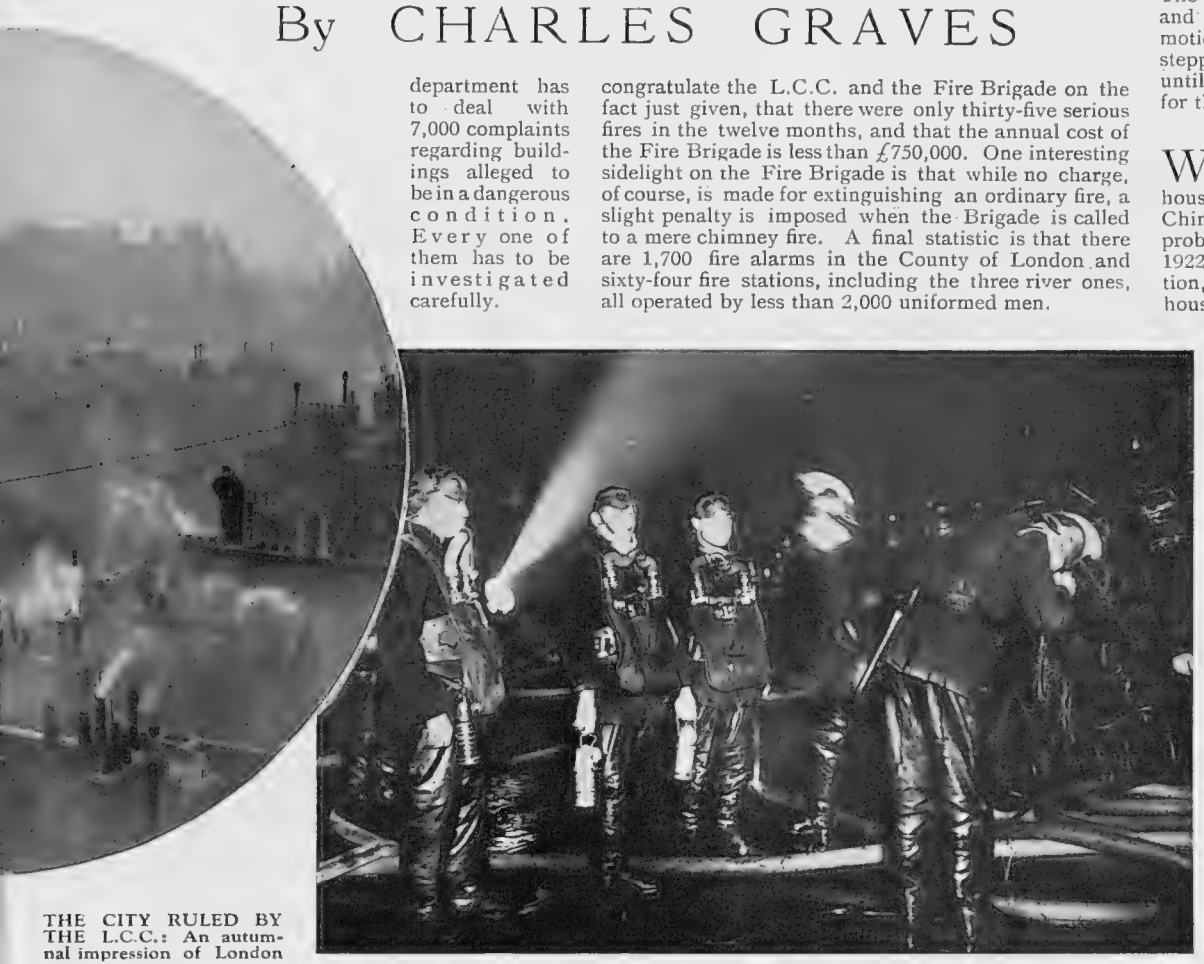
THE LIGHTS OF LONDON are maintained by the L.C.C. at a cost of some half a million a year. The same department deals with the 250 miles of London's roads and has also to deal with the ensurance of the public safety from fire—even safety curtains in the theatres are due o L.C.C. regulat ons. Slum clearance is another facet of this department's activities. The gigantic scope of activities controlled by the L.C.C., whose personnel is practically anonymous, is little realized by its beneficiaries. The accompanying article may illumine the darkness

Next we turn to Mr. Topham Forrest. London has 2,500 miles of public roadway, and each year they cost more than £3,000,000 to maintain. Their lighting alone is a matter of £500,000 a year. Mr. Forrest's department has to ensure public safety from fire in factories, hotels, blocks of flats, and all the rest of it. If it was not for the L.C.C. there might be no safety curtain at the theatre. By the same token London has enjoyed an almost fantastic immunity from cinema fire deaths compared with cities on the Continent. Between the end of the year and last September the L.C.C. has built nearly 50,000 houses with an aggregate population of the whole of Cardiff. Slums have been removed, and modern model flats constructed to the number of 4,000. Every year Mr. Forrest's

LONDON'S COUNCIL

Facts and Figures of the Controlling Body of the Empire's Capital

By CHARLES GRAVES



THE CITY RULED BY THE L.C.C.: An autumnal impression of London

THE FIREMEN OF LONDON are recruited largely from the Navy and the Army. A few are drawn from the Mercantile Marine. There are 1,700 fire alarms in the county and some 2,000 firemen, yet our fire record is the envy of other cities

Meet Mr. G. H. Gater, the L.C.C. Education Officer. About 900,000 pupils of all ages attend institutions maintained or aided by the L.C.C. In the elementary schools there are nearly 600,000 children, while the evening classes, evening institutes, and technical institutes train another 200,000. When Mr Montagu Cox took control of the education of London on May 1, 1904, he had exactly one assistant and was expected to get the whole business into apple-pie order within a metaphorical ten minutes! Last year the gross estimate for services under the Education Committee were rather more than £14,000,000, though the reduction of 10 per cent. in the teachers' salaries saved nearly £500,000. Other economies were estimated to bring the total amount of savings to about £700,000. How many people know that in London alone there are six different kinds of secondary school? Since the Education Act of 1918 London has received from the State 50 per cent. of its annual expenditure on education. But don't forget that the L.C.C. education service still has 30,000 teachers and instructors to be paid.

And now for Mr. A. R. Dyer, Chief Officer of the London Fire Brigade. We all thrill to the insistent clamour of the fire engine, just as we shrink from the soprano clang of the ambulance (another branch of the L.C.C.). We have all seen the helmeted firemen. It is enough to know that they are always on tap if we yell "Fire" down the telephone or smash the glass—a thing I have always longed to do—on one of those fire alarms. But how many of us know that the L.C.C. recruit 44 per cent. of the men from the Navy, 30 per cent. from the Army, and 15 per cent. from the Merchant Services? Not a man in a thousand knows the exact protection afforded to wharves, warehouses, and shipping in the Thames.

I have laughed at a motor gondola armed with fire-fighting apparatus at Venice, but I never knew before to-day that the Brigade has in commission three shallow draft fire floats with a speed of 10 knots, and pumps capable of spurting out anything from 1,200 to 3,000 gallons of water a minute. In 1930—the last year for which statistics are available—there were nearly 3,000 false alarms, more than 4,000 slight fires, and only thirty-five serious fires. Seventeen were caused by lightning, two by the rays of the sun, and 600 by petrol.

When you consider that the value of property in London insured against fire is a good deal more than £2,000,000,000, one can congratulate the L.C.C. and the Fire Brigade on the fact just given, that there were only thirty-five serious fires in the twelve months, and that the annual cost of the Fire Brigade is less than £750,000. One interesting sidelight on the Fire Brigade is that while no charge, of course, is made for extinguishing an ordinary fire, a slight penalty is imposed when the Brigade is called to a mere chimney fire. A final statistic is that there are 1,700 fire alarms in the County of London and sixty-four fire stations, including the three river ones, all operated by less than 2,000 uniformed men.

Another all-important form of public protection afforded by the L.C.C. is under the control of Sir Frederick Menzies, as Chief Medical Officer of Health. Thanks to his department London is one of the healthiest cities in the world, the death rate being only 12·6 per 1,000. In the past thirty years the very physiognomy of the poor Londoner has altered for the better. The rabbity chin has disappeared, and the teeth have immeasurably improved. Since 1930 the work of the department has increased enormously. The administration of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the twenty-five Boards of Guardians involved the transfer of a staff numbering 19,000, as far away as Lowestoft in one direction and Godalming in the other. In all, there are seventy-six hospitals and similar institutions. But hospital inspection is only a portion of the health inspections looked after by the L.C.C. There are the schools, nursing homes, massage establishments, boarding-houses, and common lodging-houses.

During the War, owing to torpedoed crews being sent to London from all parts and shipping being held up for considerable periods, the boarding-houses became crowded with seamen of all nationalities. Many of them had to be housed and fed in common lodging-houses and the cheaper hotels. After the Armistice, it was some years before things settled down. The depression in shipping, and the objection of the trade unions to coloured seamen having preference over white, resulted in many hundreds of Arabs, Somalis, Malaysians, and West Indians being left derelict. Many were found in a starving condition. The Council communicated with the Board of Trade, and whilst the official machinery was being set in motion the British and Foreign Sailors' Society stepped into the breach and fed and housed them until they could be placed on board the ships provided for their repatriation.

With the exception of the Scandinavians and, previously to the War, the Germans, the housing of foreign seamen—Lascars, Arabs, and Chinamen particularly—has always been a serious problem. There was difficulty with the Lascars in 1922 when, for want of more suitable accommodation, large numbers were housed in common lodging-houses, including Carrington House in Deptford. It was felt that much of this accommodation was unsatisfactory; not only was there no provision for the special preparation of their food, but there was no privacy for them when they wished to carry out their devotional exercises. It was no uncommon thing to find them praying in the common kitchen exposed to the ridicule of the other lodgers. The India Office was informed, and, as a result, increased use was made of the Asiatic Home. Since that date little difficulty has been experienced, owing first to the smaller number of Lascars now requiring accommodation and to the shipping companies taking greater advantage of the Asiatic Home.

The Chinese problem has always been a serious one. In the earlier days it was mostly in connection with opium smoking and gambling that difficulty was experienced; to-day it is associated with the fact that the Chinese restrict themselves to quite a small area, where the houses are old, worn, and badly planned and practically all let at weekly rentals. Usually the reconditioning and the works asked for as health requirements are not particularly expensive or extensive, but owing to the construction and arrangement of the premises the fire danger is a real one and, owing to the short tenancies, few keepers will risk the expenditure. Consequently, when from any cause there is a large number of Chinese seamen to be housed, the available accommodation is insufficient and the residue drift into unlicensed premises.

The advent of the Chinese seamen dates back some fifty years or more. First a store was opened in Limehouse Causeway, to be quickly followed by boarding-house masters from Liverpool. The colony gradually increased and encroached on the surrounding streets, including Pennyfields, West India Dock Road, and High Street, Poplar. In 1910 the estimated Chinese population was about 1,500. In 1913 there were twelve licensed premises and forty-two other houses frequented by Chinese. By 1915 the licensed houses had dropped to nine, but the other premises had increased from forty-two to eighty-one. This may be taken as the period when the colony was at its maximum, probably some 2,000.

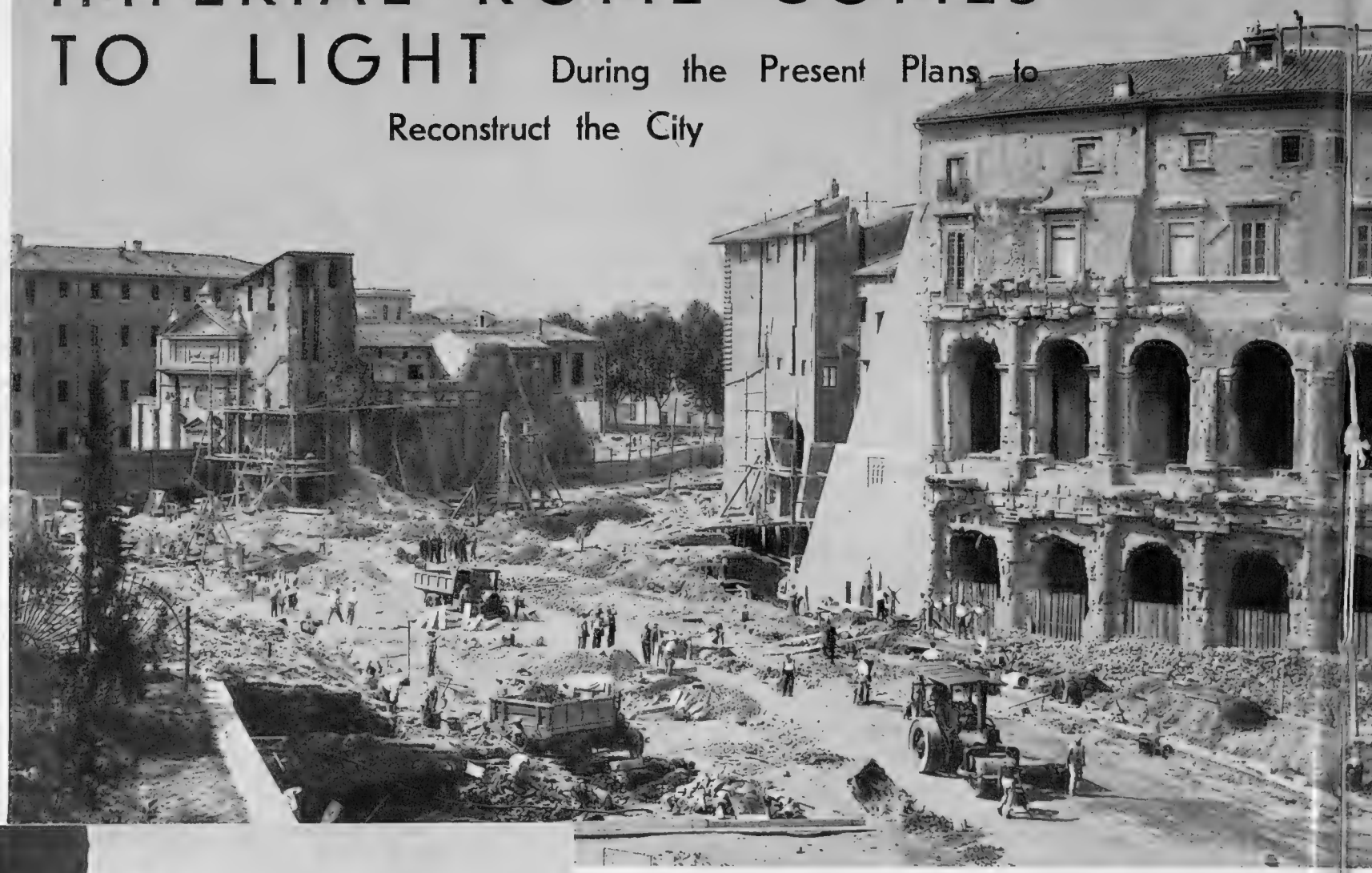
During the War a large number left London to work on munitions and did not return when the War was over. Some went to Rotterdam and Amsterdam, others to Antwerp, from which places it was much easier to get boats, opportunities in London being very slight, although wages were higher. To-day there are only three licensed houses specially catering for Chinese, with accommodation for forty persons. The

(Continued on p. 76)

BIG BLOCKS OF FLATS for working-class families have been constructed by the L.C.C.—those above are at Burnt Oak—to the number of 4,000, while between the end of 1931 and last month the body has built no less than 50,000 houses with a population greater than the whole of Cardiff. Dangerous buildings are also dealt with by the same authority. The alien population is one of the great difficulties with which the L.C.C. has to contend, while others include hospitals, asylums, sewage, drainage, roads, lighting, licensing, and education

IMPERIAL ROME COMES TO LIGHT

During the Present Plans to Reconstruct the City



A GLORY OF ANCIENT ROME FURTHER REVEALED: The theatre of Marcellus, begun b Jul his nephew and heir presumptive, the son of Octavia. It accommodated 13,000 to 14,000 spe ator for, hitherto, only twelve were visible. The second or upper row is lo in

THE THEATRE OF MARCELLUS as it appears to-day after having been cleaned up by Mussolini's orders. *On the left* is the Tarpeian Rock from which criminals were hurled. This is one approach to the building seen above

REBUILDING ROME: The revelation of old buildings and the cutting of new ways through e Ete programme inaugurated by Mussolini, who hopes to recreate the ancient empire. The C osseu

In Rome excavations were begun on January 3rd which resulted in the discovery of the "Forum of Cæsar," which the great Julius built to the north-east of the Capitol and the Forum to show his gratitude for the victory of Pharsalia. This proved a gigantic task, as it was found necessary to remove several houses and excavate 42,000 cubic metres of earth. In April of this year the city of Rome celebrated the 2,685th anniversary of its foundation and unveiled a bronze statue to Julius Cæsar in this recently discovered Forum.

The remains of "The T mph been brought to light in a ate o found in the Vatican Cit ear fifty feet below the prese level it has been proved that t famo area on which St. Peter now s city was in Imperial tir the emperors, and it is belie tha

Julius and completed in 13 B.C. by Augustus Cæsar, who named it after
spe ators. Several of the Doric arches below have been only recently revealed,
lo in style. The newly revealed work is seen to the right

e Eternal City—a part of the gigantic
sseum is in the middle distance

mphal Way" of ancient Rome have also
te of excellent preservation. They were
ear the Belvedere Fields at a depth of
evel of the ground. By this excavation
famous street passed to the north of the
now stands. This portion of the ancient
the private property of the Roman
ed that the body of St. Peter after his martyrdom was laid to rest in a cemetery there, through the favour extended by some member of the Imperial House. Later it was taken to the catacomb of St. Sebastian on the Appian Way, where it remained until it was finally transferred to its present position under the High Altar of the Basilica.

THE MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS. — The excavation of the Augustus mausoleum was started some time ago. This mighty sepulchral monument was erected by the Emperor Augustus in the year A.D. 28 for himself and his family, and almost all the Roman emperors down to Nerva were interred there. Above a gigantic base in which a few of the vaults are still preserved rose a pyramidal cone of earth, adorned with cypresses and other evergreen trees, the apex of which was crowned by a statue of the emperor. To the south lay the entrance beside which stood two obelisks, one of which now forms the principal ornament of the Quirinal Square, while the other adorns the square facing the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore.

In the Middle Ages the mausoleum was converted into a fortress and later was used as a circus. In 1881 a new cupola was added to the theatre and, as if this were not enough, the mausoleum was used as a sculptor's workshop during the making of the monument to King Victor Emmanuel II from 1900 to 1907. Finally, it was taken over in the most wretched state of preservation by the City of Rome and converted into a concert hall. It may well be imagined that, after all these transformations, not much of the original Roman edifice now survives. Excavations recently undertaken here, after a shaft in the centre of the circle had been made, revealed the earlier disposition of the interior. The sepulchral niches were circularly arranged. Here stood the urns of Augustus' family, while those of his more distant relatives were located along the walls. The entire crypt bore the form of a circular gallery; a mighty pillar formed the axis of the rotunda as well as the base of the colossal statue of the emperor which culminated the whole edifice. The remains of three funeral urns, a fragment of a toga-clad figure in marble, a commemorative statue bearing the names of Augustus' sister, Octavia, and her son, Marcellus, who subsequently became the son-in-law of Augustus, and the inscription on the tomb of the Emperor Nerva were discovered.

THE GREATEST ROAD IN ROME: The gigantic cut through the buildings of old Rome for the construction of Via dei Colli, which, by Mussolini's express wish, is to be opened on the 28th of this month. Work is in progress night and day on the road to link Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum

A STAR ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC: Miss Beatrice Lillie has (unhappily) returned to America. The ineffable U.S. captionist headed this picture, "English Actress, a Peeress!"; Lady Peel is, of course, the wife of Sir Robert Peel, Bt.

Mr. Elmer Rice manages to get a considerable amount of dramatic material out of his globe-trotting fellow Americans.

In *See Naples and Die* they were an essential part of an amusing plot and that farce was in consequence quite a successful entertainment. In *The Left Bank*, at the Ambassadors Theatre, we are confronted not only by their permutations and combinations in the matter of love, which are fairly interesting, but also with such serious problems as their attitude towards their native country and their theories of education.

These, frankly, are rather boring. Not that London audiences are exceptionally insular; they are not, and the British theatre is probably wider in its scope than that of any other nation. It is simply that we cannot be expected to care two hoots whether the Americans who play at art and literature in Paris, in the neighbourhood of the Luxemburg, are right or wrong in keeping on this side of the Atlantic. The position of even the genuine American art students does not keep me awake at night.

Besides, the Paris-consciousness of all such sojourners, British and American, is apt to be trying.

Mr. Rice makes a second mistake in his play—strange in so able and experienced a dramatist. He takes up much time in endeavouring to focus our attention on a child called Teddy, the son of an American couple living in a cheap *rive gauche* hotel.

We do not see Teddy. Perhaps that is as well, as from all accounts he is an unpleasant child. But we have to listen to long discussions between his father and mother, his mother and his aunt, his father and his aunt, and his mother and the man who is in love with her, as to how and where he should be educated.

Still longer discussions are concerned with comparisons between the commercial soullessness of America and the culture of the Old World. Here the author holds the balance fairly enough; but it is a subject for a debating society rather than for a theatre, and it does not help this play along one little bit.

When *The Left Bank* begins to move, it moves realistically. Two American married couples live in adjoining bedrooms in that cheap hotel—an unsuccessful author with a domestic wife, and a domestic lawyer (in Paris on a three-months' holiday) and *his* wife, who is decorative and a hussy.

The author is vain and succumbs to the hussy's flattery, so off they go together. The lawyer and the other wife talk of babies and a quiet home, and we are left to suppose that they will return to America together in search of both.

The second act is enlivened by a Bohemian party less irritating than the usual stage variety, though not without its *rive gaucheries*. Other humour is supplied by Mr. Hugh E. Wright, who cleverly makes every point tell as a comic *valet de chambre*, a part which cannot, I suspect, have been very promising on paper.

The play is unwisely cast. Of the four principals only Miss Sunday Wilshin—hard, glittering, and siren-like—being dead right. In her Sunday Wilshin best she looks very lovely, and can certainly wear clothes.

Mr. Martyn Walker, being one of our cleverest young actors, with a sense of repose which should bring him a three-figure salary, could not make the lawyer uninteresting. But this is not his line of country. Miss Mary Grew, the domestic wife, was either unable to express emotion or was deliberately restraining it. The result was a colourless performance and not always an audible one.

IN *THE MERRY WIDOW*: Mr. Carl and Miss Tilly Brisson in a special dance in the revival of the popular operetta

A visit on the following evening to the St. Martin's Theatre gave at first the impression that *The Left Bank* was not really over, but was being continued next door. For here were much the same gang, who talk about painting and writing, and don't do either, who have very little money and any amount of egotism.

In Mr. Rodney Ackland's play, *Strange Orchestra*, they are all lumped together in a flat run by a certain Vera Lyndon, who appeared to me to have no real existence at all, but to be an effective bundle of stage elements designed to give Miss Laura Cowie a chance of displaying some *virtuoso* work.

Miss Cowie, for so long a picturesque lady of the Renaissance, here tries her hand with magnificent success at something quite new if not particularly fresh. For Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Lyndon is a frowsy, amusing, non-moral, affected, but affectionate super-Bohemian of fifty. She is the sort of character Charles Dickens might have created for Mrs. Patrick Campbell had that been possible.

The poet tells us that—

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser:
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall.

Vera did not sleep under the dresser, although she looked rather like one. She slept in the hall amid din indescribable from the other Bohemians, of all shapes, sizes, and sexes. Only a record of Delius's "Paradise Garden" episode stopped them from chattering about themselves. But we learn from Act I that Vera's daughter, Jenny, is a novelist and is going blind.

Beiny

MISS JANET ROSS as she appears in *The Left Bank*, the amusing new comedy play by Elmer Rice at the Ambassadors Theatre in which she makes her West End debut

Later Jenny's lover, said to be an artist, appears. While Vera is asleep on her hall bedstead they arrange to spend the night together in Jenny's bedroom. In that atmosphere this would not be regarded as so serious a matter as the fact that the lover is not an artist at all but a crook who steals Jenny's £20.

Another young couple try to commit suicide by gas-poisoning for no other reason, apparently, than that the author has been reading Tchekov. An out-of-work film blonde is noisily miserable because she, too, loves Jenny's worthless lover. Miss Nadine March showed her true power here.

A very young girl (Miss Mary Casson, also excellent) works herself up into hysteria by protesting against war, fox-hunting, prostitution, capital punishment, and the cruelty of things in general. Mr. Robert Harris, grey-flannel trousered and untidy of hair, is realistic as one of those earnest young highbrows who are to be found in droves in the neighbourhood of Gower Street or the King's Road, Chelsea. The loud-voiced Philistinism of Mr. David Hutcheson proved as great a relief as Delius. But it is all an accompaniment to the superb solo work of Miss Cowie.

That is Mr. Ackland's chief fault—he has insufficient sense of proportion in sorting out his characters and in allotting them jobs to do.

In this play few of them have sufficiently definite jobs, and so they all talk too much. Yet the encouraging point is that Mr. Ackland *can* draw real people and can make us interested in them. That is why he will probably become a dramatist who will matter. For

Eric Gray

MISS MARION WILLSON, the *premiere danseuse* of Revudeville No. 15, who appeared at the 1,000th performance of the successful innovation at the Windmill on October 7. Revudeville was a pioneer in the now well-tilled field of non-stop entertainment which is still on the upward trend

PL

American Bohemia in
dors: English Bohemia
Marlin's: Women at
Widow" Rediviva

By PHILIP

BACK TO THE OLD LIFE AT the Prince Danilo in the new and dances with his all-com- among the Clo-clo and Frou

MIRACLE AT VERDUN: An sionist play which created Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cot the most enterprising of the play's reception it is being

AYS

Paris at the Ambassa
in London at the St.
the Arts : "The Merry
at the Hippodrome

PAGE

THE FINAL LOVE SCENE in *The Merry Widow*, revived at the Hippodrome. Mr. Carl Brisson and Miss Helen Gllliland appear above

Foiiard Crowther

MAXIM'S: Mr. Carl Brisson as *Merry Widow* production sings pelling verve. He is here seen frou group in the last act

Kathlene Ildon

MISS MURIEL DICKSON, who plays Mabel in *The Pirates*, Gianetta in *The Gondoliers*, Phyllis in *Iolanthe*, and the title rôles in *Patience* and *Princess Ida*

An impressive scene from the expres- something of a sensation at the tage, with the Arts Theatre Club, Cot small art-theatres. Owing to the the retained until to-day (October 8) ing

with all its inequalities and disappointments *Strange Orchestra* makes its mark. It is a play which people are likely to talk about and to go and see.

Miss Florida Pier's arguments in her play, *Many Women*, produced at the Arts Theatre, are incontestable; she puts them fairly and with less bias than might be expected. But they date back to long before the days which culminated in women chaining themselves to railings and putting lighted matches into pillar-boxes.

Not even the most moth-eaten male reactionary would to-day assert that a woman should subordinate herself entirely to a home and a husband, if she has got them, and should make no attempt to carve out for herself her own niche in the world.

And so all those women pottering about in a potting-shed—for profitable horticulture is their method of niche-carving—are wasting their time and ours in expounding theories with which all sane people agree. One of the prettiest of them marries and we see her in a flat pining for business activity, since domestic cares are not enough. So she runs a flower shop and, after an interminable discussion, leaves it to look after her husband and an expected baby.

Much more lurid drama is supplied by Miss Olga Lindo as a temperamental Russian with suicidal tendencies. Miss Lindo does her best with the part, but even she could not eliminate its essential staginess. Miss Pier certainly has a knack with small comedy characters, some of them extremely well played.

Miss Iris Baker has brains as well as beauty; I have not seen a more promising *ingénue* for some time.

It was no surprise to find the men in this little play almost negligible.

What is there in *The Merry Widow* which makes it survive year after year when almost every other musical comedy or comic-opera is as dead as last week's leg of mutton the moment its run is concluded?

The answer surely is—exquisite music, a story with a piquant edge to its sentimentality—and Mr. George Graves. Fortunately the present Hippodrome revival has Mr. Graves and, though the music seems as lovely as ever, in spite of some strange tricks with the *tempi*, I do not care to contemplate the possibility of it without him.

He is in magnificent form. His rambling monologues, whether about chicken-houses or boarding-houses or the houses in which are parked ladies such as Lolo, Clo-clo, and Frou-frou, are monuments of the quaintly humorous. Here is something more than the creation of a brilliant comedian; Mr. Graves's Baron Popoff has a poise about him which suggests that he might have stepped out of the pages of Dickens.

The Widow dates only in such Edwardian musical-comedy devices as sending the chorusmen on and off in chattering flocks, and in telling the whole chorus, male and female, to turn round and stare at the backcloth when romantic differences between the hero and heroine have to be adjusted. Production could legitimately have remedied this; there has been far more drastic and far less excusable tampering with the original by the introduction of two new dance tunes of paralysing feebleness, and obviously not by Lehar. I would suggest that if Mr. Carl Brisson and a dancing partner feel impelled to give us such exhibitions, they should do so during the entr'actes. This would serve the double purpose of leaving both *The Merry Widow* and one's pleasant impressions of it quite intact.

I liked immensely Mr. Jay Laurier's Nisch; his assumed stupidity of the "farmer's boy" style is exactly right for the part. Miss Helen Gilliland is a trifle lacking in Marsovian fire as Sonia, but she looks sweetly pretty and has a nice voice.

The theme of the big love-duet in Act II suggests that Lehar first thought of "You are my heart's delight" somewhere about 1907. Miss Nancy Lovat and Mr. Derek Oldham sang its refrain, "Come to the little arbour here," with appropriate passion. It was unfortunate that "the little arbour," with its electrically-lighted façade, looked like a new and monstrous suburban picture-palace.

The disappointing *Escape*, with which the present Garrick season of Galsworthy opened, has been amply atoned for by its success. *Loyalties* is Galsworthy's finest play. *Justice*, which now holds the bill, runs it very close, and affords too an opportunity of comparing the author's different views of convict mentality.

A SAVOYARD: Mr. Sydney Granville scored a success as the Sergeant of Police in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company production, *The Pirates of Penzance*, at the Savoy. The great song, "A Policeman's Lot," was given by Mr. Granville with great verve and humour

The ex-Army officer in *Escape* and the pathetically fraudulent clerk in *Justice* belong to different strata of Society; the latter is much more vivid, largely because he is better able to convey the honour of his position. It is true that he is in prison and the ex-officer out of prison, albeit haunted from pillar to post. But one is spared here that irritating sense of stage public-school sportsmanship, which is all very well in a play like *Raffles*, but is, possibly, not good enough for Galsworthy.

Mr. Colin Clive, now an uncommonly good actor, has played both parts and must obviously find Falder in *Justice* the more difficult, for his personality is not that of a clerk, defaulting or otherwise. All the more credit to him, therefore, for being so convincing. He came very near to the fine performance given by the late Dennis Eadie.

The skill and strength of Galsworthy as a dramatist lie in the evenness with which he holds the scales. *Justice* is a very "just" play. The clerk's employers are thoroughly decent folk and, although our pity goes out to the criminal because of his circumstances and his weakness, it does not alter our conviction that his fault could not possibly have been overlooked.

Nor is his distress melodramatic; there is a quiet misery about it which is more compelling than any melodrama. And if ever the Aristotelian "pity and terror" were applied with force in a modern play, they are to be seen in the episode in which Falder paces his prison cell.

I do not believe that plays should have a "lesson" about them, or that they should have any object beyond succeeding as plays. But if any members of the Garrick audience are contemplating crime (fortunately one cannot libel an unspecified body of people), I am pretty certain this scene would prevent them. It is more dreadful than anything with blood or murders or torture in it. Yet it is so simple.

REFLECTED BEAUTY: A charming study of Gloria Karalowna, one of the famous Karalowna sisters who made their debut in London cabaret last year and scored a sensational success. Mlle Gloria is to visit London shortly on her own and will probably star in a new revue and also appear in cabaret

AS THE BACK CURVES

Directoire

Yes, the inventiveness of Fashion never fails her. Is there nothing new under the sun? Under the amiable glow of sheathed electric light in the salons of the great dressmakers there is enough that is fascinatingly new to satisfy the most exigeant.

The silhouette shown by Schiaparelli is distinctively Directoire. A black evening gown, featuring the new ultra-low *décolletage*, and two engaging suits from that house, appear on these pages. Swathing draperies and odd little bust-length bodices on evening and afternoon frocks and the briefest of blouses, jumpers, and jackets accentuate the bust line above supple, slender, unbelted dresses. The skirts of suits curve upwards to the bust in front and dip to the normal waist-line at the back. Berthas and capelets and leg-o'-mutton sleeves make the upper arm momentous on frocks and fitted hip-length jackets. And the same holds good for those loose, flaring box coats (two-thirds length) which complement one-piece dresses of jersey and woven woollens.

Evening frocks are long and narrow with a centre front seam and the true Directoire line. An evening model of ribbed navy blue wool has a "bathing-dress" *décolletage*, tubular Directoire skirt, and a suède leather belt.

FOURSQUARE

EVENING

Young

The white evening dress shown here is by Mainbocher. This house presents two perfectly distinct silhouettes. One, of Greek extraction, has a long skirt with ample softly falling folds, sometimes slashed knee-high at the side. This is surmounted by a shortish tunic with high waistline, drawn close beneath the bust. Mainbocher's other models partake of the Directoire movement, exhibiting the pleasing, unbelted princess silhouette, topped by puffed sleeves, capelets, and double or treble tiered flounces above the elbow on coats and frocks.

Worth, this season, is faithful to the slender, straight-cut silhouette. Long evening coats sweep the floor, and even street coats and suits are longer at that house. Waistlines are normal with a tendency to mount in front. Sleeves and shoulders are very important, trimmed, puffed, and intricate, and *décolletages* are elaborately worked, slashed, and strapped. Velvet and broadcloths are in favour, also mohair cloths for day wear, and ciré fabrics. Net, closely sewn with sequins of velvet or piqué, offer original media for impressive evening gowns.

The individualism in Maggy Rouff's collection expresses itself primarily in flat, slinky effects at the back of her models, all fullness and draping being drawn forward and concentrated in the front. She is making her dresses slightly longer to offset the effect of width given by important, elaborate sleeves.

The history of furniture is just as fascinating as that of any famous personality. In these days of modern comfort we are inclined to forget that, despite the glamour, life was not nearly so pleasant and comfortable in Elizabethan England as our imagination would have us believe. The early period of furniture in this country was one of discomfort, even in the great country houses, and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that comfortable furniture was introduced into general use.

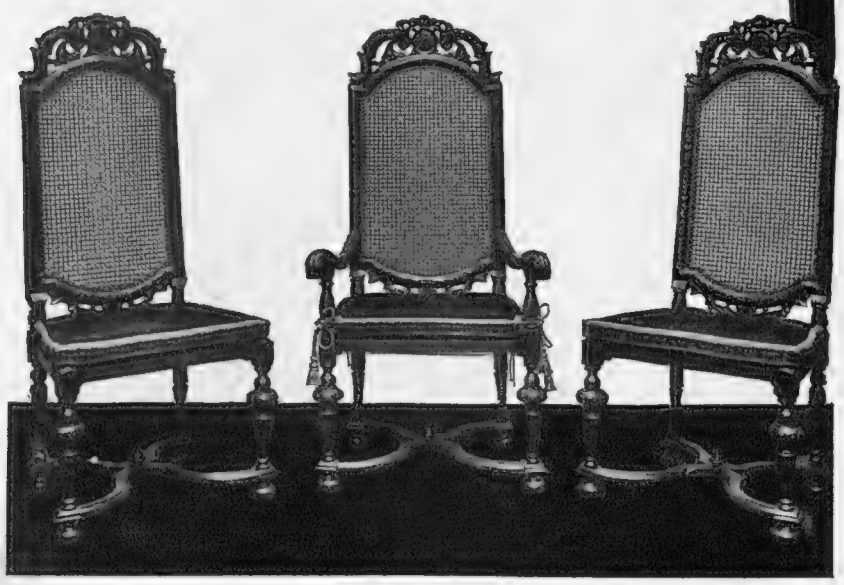
And if we trace the rise and development in the English chair from the end of the seventeenth century onwards, we shall see how our modern ideas of comfortable furniture gradually came into being. To-day we admire Charles II chairs. They have a stately elegance that reflects the gay polished life of the times, with their tall straight backs and ornately-carved walnut frames and legs, but they are distinctly formal in their comfort. Probably this is the reason why good reproduction copies of Charles II chairs, such as are shown by the Howard Galleries, are so popular in modern dining-rooms.

Queen Anne ushers in the next style of English furniture. In keeping with the period, Queen Anne chairs are of more ample design and more luxurious. The most distinctive features of this period chair are the curved *cabriole* legs terminating in carved claws grasping a ball, or carved to resemble a lion's paw. Queen Anne chairs are generally made in walnut and covered in pieces of delicately-coloured needlework, and even in these days fine reproduction Queen Anne furniture enjoys an unrivalled popularity. Anyone interested in good reproductions of this period should visit the Howard Galleries in Berners Street, where examples of all the periods are exhibited in a charming old period house.

With the advent of Chippendale we find that the English chair reaches a perfection of design equal to the elegant pattern of English eighteenth - century life. Thomas Chippendale was a cabinet and furniture maker living in London in the middle of this century, and he created a style of furniture that soon became the prevailing fashion. Like all creative artists, Chippendale changed his style of design several times during his life. First there was the Early Chippendale, a comparatively simple style, then the Gothic, and finally the Chinese Chippendale which achieved an amazing intricacy of pattern and carving. However, we will content ourselves with the Early Chippendale style of chair, as this is still his most admired style. The Early Chippendale chair gives up the curved legs of the Queen Anne period and returns to straight lines again, and undoubtedly his most characteristic furniture is his chairs.

And what could be more charming and comfortable than the Chippendale chair with its elegantly pierced mahogany back carved with a simple laced design?

The Chippendale school founded a tradition in furniture which later flowered into the delicate pieces of Hepplewhite and Sheraton (showing greater simplicity) and the splendours of the brothers Adam.



A GOOD CHAIR OF OUR PERIOD

The term decorator has very generally been replaced by that of *interior architect* to-day—at least, among the most intelligent contemporaries. An alternative is the French word *ensemblier*, which is daily gaining ground in English-speaking countries. This means, to put it briefly, the man who does the whole job: architecture, and all that pertains thereto.

Relations of pure form dominate the new æsthetic. And harmony of line and proportion, rather than any superimposed ornamentation, are the outstanding characteristics of a good modern room. Economy of means has been the outcome of a strict attention to function. But from it has sprung that sheer beauty which so often results from absolute suitability. Although hackneyed, it is hard to find a better analogy than that offered by the *streamline* car.

The twentieth century has attained a point of economy in furnishing never before known in the West. And in a room from which all clutter has been removed, each remaining object assumes strategic importance. It will readily be conceived, therefore, that the design and interrelation of such objects must be handled with infinite care. And this is where the *ensemblier* steps in.

Mr. Arundell-Clarke is one of England's leading designers in the modern manner, who chooses "Fitness for purpose" as his motto. Anxious to design a chair both comfortable and beautiful, he has to consider two different problems. Thus, for purposes of beauty a low back is desired, but a head rest is needed for comfort. So a long seat served the purpose of making the chair comfortable. Loose cushions are wasteful of material and need constant attention. The cushion is therefore hidden. Good springs and cushions improve with use and children can jump on them without disaster, and a wide arm is useful to sit on or to put things on.

Mr. Arundell-Clarke has been established for two years, and in Bruton Street for one. He designs everything from houses to chairs, fabrics, cushions, carpets, and pottery. Everything is British, and he achieves moderate prices by using inexpensive but unused veneers like cherry-wood. He uses white glaze from Devonshire, which he has designed to modern shapes, thus evolving what is much desired, a really beautiful modern English pottery.

Gentlemen prefer . .

In a white apron over his beautifully-cut suit, Antoine, the great hairdresser, sits at a table, a wooden barber's block between his hands. On it he is very busy rolling curls, smoothing out short wavy tresses, contriving ingenious shell-shaped loops, which he gums, when they are finished, with the aid of a brush.

All round him is a whole world of feminine movement, for nowhere else in Paris does one see so many famous and beautiful faces as in this little *entresol* suite of rooms. Here, for example, is the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, dreaming under the lofty crown of a drier; Tania Fédor detaches the veil which has set her waves with the sovereign grace which belongs to her as a "queen of the films"; Arletty has come straight from the studio to have her "wind-blown" tresses put to rights; while at the end of the room a manicurist is engaged in polishing Lady Abdy's nails, just as if she were at work on so many diamonds. Lastly, the beautiful Madame Alvaro Munoz, pale, slender, and dark-haired, hurries in. She is leaving immediately for Biarritz, and all that she needs is a mere word of advice.

"Antoine, is this flat curl in the proper place?"

"No, it isn't. Bring it down a little bit."

"You think so?"

"Certainly I do!"

And the pair of them, preoccupied and intense, fall to debating its proper position in front of a mirror—this little curl which in other times (and how rightly!) would have gone by the name of an *accroche-cœur*.

Then Antoine returns to his barber's block, and I revert to anxious speculation. Can it be that next winter we shall wear our hair thus? Must we touch and re-touch it for hours on end, when we are already, and very naturally, late? How many dramas of married life, broken hearts, and burnt dinners, the future promises!

"No, this is a special wig for Mrs. Reginald Fellowes to wear at a large evening party. It's not often I undertake work of this kind, and then only for the smartest women. The finished creation is mounted on tulle and worn over short hair like a hat. It is constructed as though it were a piece of sculpture, modelled so that it exactly fits the head. The gummed hair is treated with a coat of nail-varnish; and the result is practically indestructible . . . It's quite enough if one dusts it from time to time . . ." Such are the mysteries of feminine fashion! Who should suspect, when it makes its triumphant appearance, that the curls of this proud and beautiful head will, next morning, be profaned by a feather broom?

"Incidentally, this style of coiffure is very becoming. You shall judge for yourself. Mademoiselle, come here!"

A pretty fair-haired girl answers the summons, lowers her head . . . and behold the "Divine Lady!"

"Of course, it requires a special type of make-up—an extremely vivid shade of rouge, very long eyelashes. Mademoiselle! Put on some eyelashes if you please." A specialist hurries up . . . The girl turns away for an instant, turns back again and—marvellous to relate! attached to her eyelids, and indistinguishable from her own, are long lashes which would make Mary Pickford weep for jealousy . . .

Be warned, impressionable young men! This article is not addressed to you! The poetic fringe, which the Beauty of your choice allows to flutter gently on her reddening cheek the evening when you blurt out your declaration, may have been attached that very morning by Antoine; but it is just as well that you should remain in blissful ignorance.

However that may be, I feel that wigs, thanks to the diverse modes of *la grande couture*, are now definitely upon us as a fashion. How can the woman, dressed this winter by Patou as a Madonna, by Mainbocher as an Empress Josephine, by Vionnet as an Aspasia, keep the same type of coiffure with them all. To simplify her task, Antoine has contrived bandeaux of hair which one arranges, crownwise, about the head and which, in combination with the owner's natural tresses, form a distinguished and harmoniously balanced whole. Bandeaux which may be gummed or not gummed, with curls either flat or ruffled out, each strand exactly in its chosen place. They will be designed with a delicate touch of fantasy; but this need not dismay us at the present moment, now that the general tendency of fashion seems to be towards the original and the distinctive. For day-wear, coiffures will remain simple, but the hair will not be allowed to grow. "Above all, no chignons, no chignons! Pins are instruments of torture which

(Continued on p. 74)

BOOKS:

The Best Biography of the Age; Long Novels; Greatness *Manqué*: Satire in Black and White; D. H. Lawrence Week by Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

CHARLES-MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD—who lived, in Carlyle's sardonic phrase, "in falsehood and on falsehood" and yet was not "a false man." This portrait by Scheffer forms the frontispiece to Mr. Duff Cooper's superb biography

Very occasionally in a critic's life there arrives a book that rewards him for weeks of unprofitable reading. Immediately he is aware of the deep pleasure of reading. The well-turned sentence, the profound thought, the gift of reconstructing with vivid phrase a character or period, these things give to him once more a zest for literature. I have found such a book in *Talleyrand*, by Duff Cooper (Cape. 12s. 6d.). In twenty years of reading it stands out as a work of unforgettable merit and delight. Is this Mr. Cooper's first excursion in the literary field? The late Lord Rosebery set out to accomplish three things—to be Prime Minister, to win the Derby, to marry an heiress. He achieved all three. Mr. Duff Cooper has also achieved singular success in three fields. He made a brilliant first speech in the House, he married one of the prettiest and most talented women in England, and now he has given us the best biography of the age.

In the first place, he has been wise and fortunate in his selection of a subject. The biographical field has been winnowed of its grain. Yet how came Talleyrand to be missed? How rich a find this is, Mr. Cooper's book proves. Even without his skill in dressing the scene, his vivid portrayal of the most turbulent period in French history, his astonishing grasp of world events, Talleyrand could not fail to make a striking study. He stands at the right period of history, with the passing of the Old Régime behind him, with revolution around him, with the Napoleonic era before him. His great age covered a vast span of events. His character, like Byron's, ever a matter of debate, reveals all the vicissitudes of human nature, and his movements present a reflection of events stirring three nations—the French, British, and American.

Born an aristocrat under the Old Régime in 1754, Fate played him a trick. It made him an eldest son but seemed to rob him of all the rights that implied. With the carelessness that characterized the treatment of children in the eighteenth century, he was boarded out with a poor woman in the suburbs of Paris. An accident rendered him lame. Since he could not be a soldier and there were only two avenues of wealth for a gentleman, the Army and the Church, his father decided he could not inherit the family titles, and he was deprived of the rights of primogeniture. The titles devolved upon a younger son and Talleyrand was destined for the Church.

A more unsuitable cleric was never born. Influence made him a bishop, tastes made him a gambler and a roué. But a genius for politics made him play a hand in the convocation by Louis XVI of the States-General in 1789. The stormy passage had begun. Talleyrand backed the Revolutionary Party. Events went beyond his control and he fled to England. Mr. Cooper presents a fascinating picture of a group of refugees settled at Juniper Hall near Dorking. Among them was Talleyrand's friend, Madame de Staël. He visited there, and met Fanny Burney. Her pen provides us with a lively portrait of the man, distrusted by the French aristocracy for his sympathies, and regarded by the British Government as a spy.

He was reduced to ruin and finally evicted from England, to which he was always attracted, and for a union with which he steadfastly worked in and out of season. He then departed for America, was looked at askance by Washington, became friendly with Alexander Hamilton, encountered the delightful Madame de la Tour de Pin and waited for the storm to subside. He was recalled in 1797, after the streets of Paris had run rivers of blood. Under the Directory he became Minister for Foreign Affairs. He was in power again. The bishop had left the Church, though the Church had also left him.

For the rest of his long life he was never again really out of power. He pulled the strings to the end of his days. He organized the *coup d'état* that put the young Napoleon in the saddle. He served Napoleon, and would have saved him from his follies. He won no gratitude. There was a terrible scene in which Napoleon reviled him, using every insult, taunting him with his lameness and the infidelity of his wife. Using the language of the camp, he said he was nothing but so much dung in a silk stocking. Talleyrand did not flinch, he gave no sign of emotion. It was considered the end of Talleyrand. It was really the end of Napoleon. When the Bonapartes had departed, and the Bourbons had not arrived, it was Talleyrand who held all the reins. Later, he arrived in England as the Ambassador of Louis-Phillippe. He must have heard the guns saluting him at Dover with a grim smile. The greatness of the man was demonstrated by the fact that he bore no grudge. Wellington extended to him his friendship. Feared, hated, maligned, such was the force of his personality that he killed all prejudice in the minds of those who met him.

Mr. Duff Cooper has not only done the memory of Talleyrand a great service, he has set right and reversed a wrong verdict of history. He has done it with an overwhelming marshalling of the facts, all the more powerful for the absolute restraint he exercises. Only once does he show his conviction as "an Englishman who believes that Talleyrand was a true patriot and a wise statesman." He thoroughly justifies his view. This study is of engrossing interest, for a magnificent pageant of history parades before us through one of the most eventful periods of human civilization. Mr. Duff Cooper has a flawless style. It is unobtrusive, efficient, and moving in the great moments. He wears a mantle of considerable scholarship with the lightest air; no contributory fact, record, or deduction is omitted, whether from life or literature. It is the work of a master both of his subject and his medium. It must live as one of the most absorbing and perfect biographies in our language. I say this cautiously in an age of reckless praise.

THE AUTHOR OF A SAGA: Mr. Francis Brett Young, whose *The House Under the Water*, is highly ranked in the accompanying article

Has the novel now taken a permanent length of 700 pages? Is the art of selection and compression entirely forgotten, and is the measure of a work to be assessed by mere bulk? Not a week passes but what there is published some tremendous tome, quite beyond the critic's capacity to read through, and I often observe that a flattering notice goes by default. I have read through Mr. Francis Brett Young's *The House Under the Water* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). I would not pay so fine an artist the discourtesy of skimming, but I do wish our modern novelists would drop the saga habit.

Every page of this story of the Tregarons is readable. Mr. Young creates an impressive figure in Tregaron, who gambled his inheritance away, and would not bow to Fate when the follies of his youth came to take toll. He falls finally in the Whittaker Wright swindle, and from the flooding of a mine. Water had dogged him all his life, for it drove him out of his native valley. It is the study of a rugged, unlovely character. The gloom of the Welsh valley is relieved by the brightness of Italy, and everywhere, even on the wool exchange, the author is equally at home. It worthily joins a long list of notable novels.

Mr. Edward Shanks, too, has fallen into the habit of quantity. *Queer Street* (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.) is a very long street of 700 pages with a multitude of characters in it. It has vitality, humour, and garrulity but it is a keyhole view of life. It is admirably done, this excursion into nightclubs, bed-sitting rooms, and the homes of post-War vulgarians. At the end of nearly 700 pages new characters are still being introduced, for it is a novel without form, rich in observation, but never for a moment suggesting that life is anything to bother over. Mr. Shanks' ability calls for something a little more serious than a variety show, and half the length might entail double the strength. These good companions are late to go. They talk well but they leave a headache.

As a Man Grows Older, by Italo Svevo (Putnam. 10s. 6d.), is a novel with absurd pretentions to greatness. I find it badly written, wearisome, and amateurish. The author has no sense of dialogue nor of plot. James Joyce, when ekeing out a livelihood in Trieste by teaching English, encountered the middle-aged Svevo. Mr. Joyce thinks that Svevo has been unjustly neglected. He will be in a minority.

Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* contained a memorable if acid portrait of Bacon. Those interested in Bacon will find a fuller portrait in Miss Mary Sturt's short study, *Francis Bacon* (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.). It is extremely well done, simple, straightforward, and readable. Miss Sturt avoids the psychological and medical aspects that Strachey hinted at in his portrait; she is concerned solely with his public services, and it is a history of the man in relation to his times, rather than of the man himself.

No one will be at a loss to guess from what source Mr. Evelyn Waugh has drawn the material of his satire, *Black Mischief* (Chapman Hall. 7s. 6d.). He recently went to the coronation of the Emperor of Abyssinia, a strange pantomime in which the nations, hoping for trade treaties, acted with solemn faces. Seth, the Emperor of Azania, becomes a figure of sorrow rather than mirth. It is a lively skit, a little too inclined to lavatory humour, but it has moments of shrewdness, and the satire is not confined to the coloured races.

The Concise Story of the Dover Patrol (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is an abridged cheap edition of Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon's history of one of the finest achievements of the Navy, which many will be glad to possess. It is well told, documented, and illustrated.

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Aldous Huxley (Heinemann. 21s.) is an overpowering volume. It runs to 900 pages of letters, one half of which are of no real interest. But the remainder are deeply interesting, and they fill out the portrait of Lawrence, though they reveal nothing new. Mr. Huxley contributes an excellent introduction. It is in the nature of a defence of the shortcomings of Lawrence, and a not very successful attempt to declare his philosophy. He calls it "an otherness whose essence and symbol is the sexual experience."

Here, at last, we have candour and honesty concerning Lawrence. He was at war with society, he delighted in dropping an obstruction into the cogs of the human machine. This collection of letters, even if his work had not done so, makes it incontestably clear that he could contribute nothing to the amenities of life, render the social fabric no helpful service. Violent and sweeping in judgment, wilfully ignorant when knowledge opposed his obsessions —"all scientists are liars . . . evidence doesn't mean anything to me"—he would suffer no ties, no responsiblities. He was a prophet, crying he knew not what, in a wilderness of his own making. "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect." Such was the doctrine of the artist.

How did it work in life? After the panegyrics pronounced upon him as an artist, the fact remains that he did nothing for the fabric of Society. He did not hesitate to smash up another man's home, a man who had shown him great kindness. The fact is suppressed in what purports to be a biographical note. He dragged a devoted woman round the earth. That a demon pursued him across two continents is proved by a constant change of address through twenty years.

In one thing and one alone, in my eyes, he is magnificent—in his absolute courage in living his own life as an artist. He never sold himself, never compromised his intellectual honesty. Through years of squalid living, through poverty increased by his disorderly mode of life, he nursed the steady flame of genius that burned in him.

BOOKS TO READ

THE SLEEP WALKERS, by Hermann Broch (Secker. 10s.).

THE GLORY OF THE HAPSBURGS, by Princess Fugger (Harrap. 18s.).

THE MERCHANT VENTURERS OF LONDON, by Charles Grey (Witherby. 12s. 6d.).

FRONTIERS, by George Dunbar (Nicholson and Watson. 16s.).

THE GODS ARRIVE, by Edith Wharton (Appleton. 7s. 6d.).

THE VALLEY, by Richard McFarlane. (Hamilton. 7s. 6d.).

TOLD AT THE EXPLORERS' CLUB, by F. A. Blossom (Harrap. 10s. 6d.).

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE IN THE ANCIENT WORLD, by F. A. Wright (Sampson Low. 12s. 6d.).

WILLIAM PENN, by Bonamy Dobree (Constable. 18s.).

HEREFORDSHIRE, Vol. II. East, H.M. Stationery Office. 30s.).

THE BRITISH FILM ON TOP

UNDER PRODUCTION: Shooting a scene in *Perfect Understanding*, a new vehicle for Gloria Swanson, at Ealing Studios. Above are seen Mr. Laurence Olivier on the landing, Mr. Cyril Gardner the director with outstretched hand, Herr Curt Courant, the star German cinematographer, and his crew

LOVE ON WHEELS: Mr. Tony de Lungo, Miss Leonora Corbett, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and Mr. Jack Hulbert in a scene from the last named's latest vehicle. The star of this particular incident is the "His Master's Voice" radio-gramophone in the foreground

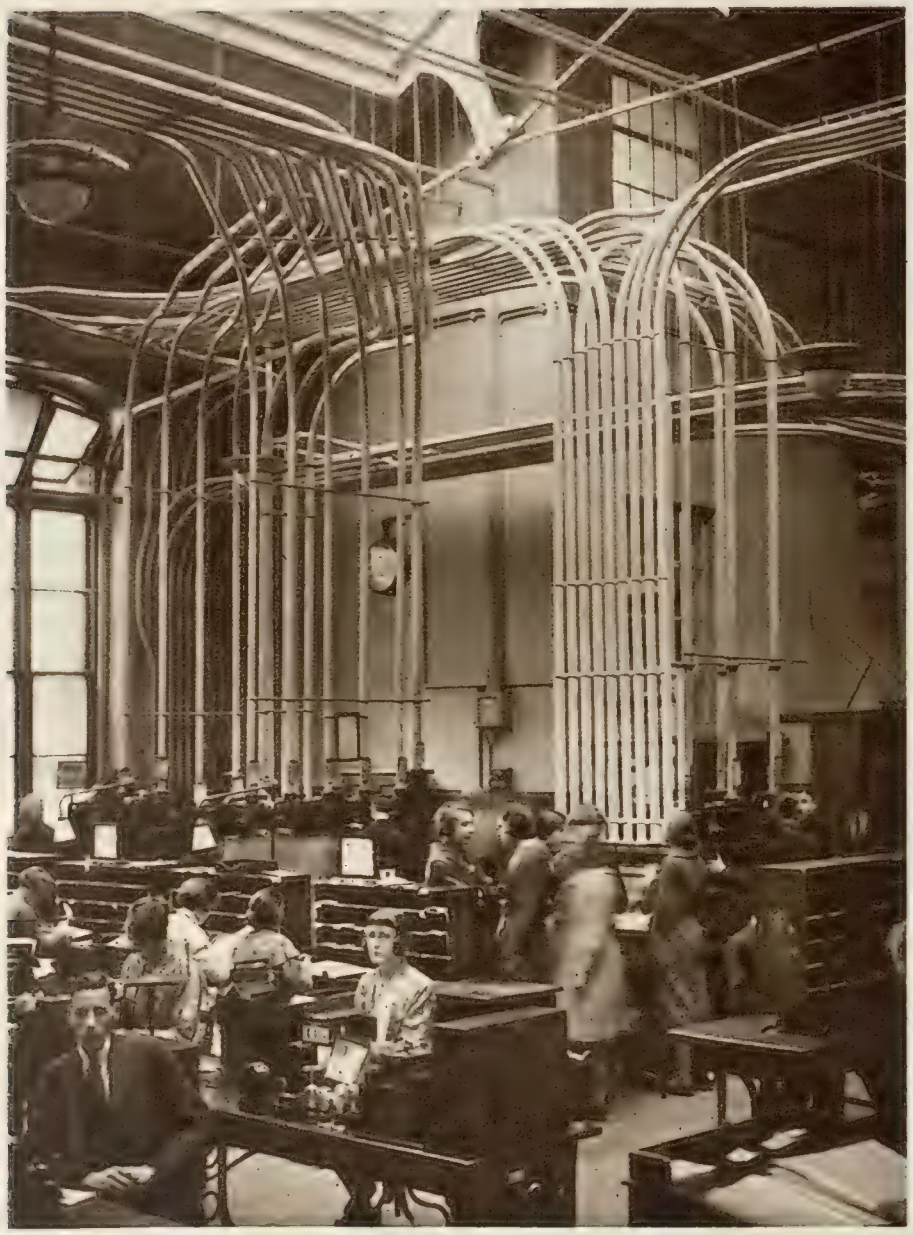
MEN OF TO-MORROW: A scene from the London Film Production venture directed by Miss Leontine Sagan, in which the two new stars, Miss Joan Gardner and Miss Merle Oberon, Mr. Maurice Braddell, and Lady Tree play leading parts

THREE STARS: Miss Nora Swinburne and Sir Nigel Playfair with a delightful companion enjoy a chat during production of *Perfect Understanding* at Ealing

POLAR EXPLORATION: Miss Gloria Swanson on a set in *Perfect Understanding* in which she does not actually appear, but her nautically-designed suit of lounging pyjamas looked so much in keeping that she consented to pose

50,000,000 TELEGRAMS P.A.

And Other Mechanical Matters



TWELVE MILES OF PNEUMATIC PRESSURE TUBES, which carry messages to and from Post Offices in the City and the nearer West London areas, are installed in the Central Telegraph Office of the G.P.O.—an organization employing 3,000 men and women

6 MILES IN 100 SECONDS was the achievement anticipated by Dr. Winkler from a new rocket with which he is experimenting near Dantzig. It is propelled by liquid air and fired by electricity

"TELEGRAMS, PLEASE": A general view of the room in the Central Telegraph Office of the G.P.O. where telephonists take down telegrams from telephone subscribers. For half-a-century the doors of this office, which deals with fifty million wires a year, have not been shut

REACHING FOR THE MOON! Dr. Winkler with the liquid air rocket whose casing cracked and rendered his experiment vain. Dr. Winkler hoped that this would be the model of a giant moon-reaching rocket

THE SMALLEST PASSENGER RAILWAY IN THE WORLD now running between Ravenglass and Eskdale in the Cumbrians. It is of 15 in. gauge and the trains with a load of 200 passengers achieve a speed of 30 m.p.h. It is the sole means of transport for the famous Eskdale Fell Show

THE LIFE RAY, discovered by Mr. F. W. Reed of Hollywood, causes strange music to emanate from the body of a patient. This electrical device has, apparently, diagnostic possibilities and conducts sound, light, radio, and electric waves

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES

C.F.H.

For the perfect drive

That Early Thrill Recaptured!

THE FORD V-8 DE LUXE COUPÉ £295. OTHER BODY-TYPES FROM £230. ALL PRICES AT WORKS DAGENHAM.

Do you remember times when every drive had a thrill, "a kick in it"? Long while ago, but this Ford V-8 has recreated that state of affairs. The more experienced, the more blasé, you have become, the more you will enjoy the use of the car which all but thinks for you. Pace? All that is safely used under modern conditions. Noiselessness? Of a degree that gives the word a new meaning. Yet no car of comparable performance—to ignore performance *refinement*—costs so little, to buy or to run! Ask the local Ford dealer for a fully descriptive booklet, illustrating four alternative body-types, priced at from £230, at Works, Dagenham.

Come to the Great Ford Exhibition at the White City—October 13-22

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED

88 Regent Street, London, W.1 (Regent 7272—15 Lines) Dagenham, Essex (Rainham 300—17 Lines)

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL:

The Attractions of the Near East Will Draw Many to Visit it this Winter: Now is the Time to Lay Plans for a Tour by Sea and Land

The Gigantic Work of the Megalithic Builders

The impressions of the traveller in the Holy Land are both favourable and unfavourable. Surely he cannot but notice the barrenness of the country, its poverty and dirt, and a general backwardness one might expect in a country with the past history of Palestine. Many visitors, for the first time, experience a distinct shock because it is obviously not a "land flowing with milk and honey," and they had expected to find just that.

But there is another side of the picture. Certainly one of the most favourable impressions is that of the magnitude and grandeur of the ancient architecture, ruins of which there are on every hand; ruins of walled cities, and in these cities almost every kind of building conceivable. One

800 TONS: A great stone lying where it was cut at Baalbec and intended for the wall where the three somewhat smaller ones are standing. It is 67 ft. long

may be sure that Palestine and Syria were not always as they are to-day. At different ages in the past there flourished a wealthy and highly developed civilization. The record of some of the achievements of the past is left to us—achievements of no mean degree.

Among the best-known ruins one would almost certainly think of Baalbec as one of the greatest. It is often named among the seven wonders of the world, and when one has seen the magnificence of the ruined "City of the Sun" he is not inclined to question that statement. The city was situated in an unusually good section of Syria, rather more than forty miles north-west of old Damascus, at the head of a fertile valley lying between the Lebanon and anti-Lebanon mountains. It was in a well-watered and altogether delightful locality, its climate being warm the greater part of the year.

One of the most interesting things to be seen at Baalbec is a large stone, left unfinished in the quarry just outside the city. The stone is perfectly hewn, although not cut entirely away from the mother rock beneath. It is called in Arabic "Hajar el Houbla" (the stone of the pregnant woman). Its dimensions are 67 ft. long, 16 ft. high, and 13 ft. wide. Its weight is over 800 tons, and its cubic capacity is 13,936 ft. And even more wonderful is the fact that there are three stones, almost as large as this one, in place in the walls of the Acropolis! How did they get there?

The ruins of Baalbec are not as extensive as some others in the Near East, e.g. Palmyra or Jerash, but within the Acropolis itself the splendour and magnitude of the city are very arresting. The Acropolis was surrounded by a wall 900 ft. long and 540 ft. wide. Within the enclosure one is confronted by heaps of stones on every hand. Gigantic stones overturned, almost without number, stones of every kind and description; many sections of fallen columns, 6 ft. and more in diameter, lying just where an earthquake or the ruthless hand of a hostile invader left them. Among the most beautiful features of the architecture of Baalbec is its immense rusticated column consisting of base, shaft, and capital. The capital at once forms an ornamental topping for the column, and an intermediate member between the vertical lines of the shaft and the horizontal architrave.

At Baalbec one may easily see the truth of the statement that upon their colossal temples and other buildings the Romans carried the purely ornamental decoration to a far higher degree of magnificence than the Greeks. Among the general ruins at Baalbec there may be seen exquisitely hewn Corinthian capitals—most profuse in design, excellent frieze ceilings, sculpture representing images of animals, fruits, flowers, trees, and the like. The Corinthian order was used in place of the plainer Doric and Ionic orders, the Corinthian being the typical Roman order.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of Jerash, the most perfect Roman city above ground extant to-day

THE GREAT STONES in the old work in contrast with the smaller stones in the new work on *left*—a picture showing the S.E. corner of the wall of Jerusalem

Over at Jerash in Trans-Jordan, very much the same type of architecture is to be found, but the city was built on a different plan. Baalbec was comparatively compact; Jerash was spread out along the valley with low-lying hills on either side. Its ruins are much more extensive than Baalbec, covering many acres of ground. At Baalbec most of the features of interest are enclosed within the comparatively narrow area of the Acropolis; at Jerash the ruins extend for some two miles in a long rectangular shape. The city seems to have been built mainly around one long central thoroughfare that ran the entire length of the city. Many of the tall stately columns along this ancient street are still standing on their pedestals; many of the smooth paving stones still lie in place and make walking easier for the sightseer of the present day. On both sides of this street there are ruins of numerous buildings.

One of the largest and most interesting of these is the amphitheatre, built on the side of a hill, as was usually the case of the Roman theatre.

R. E. O.

The Centre of the World

"Al Haram al Sharif," the honoured sanctuary, is one of the most ancient places of worship where three different religions meet.

The Mussulmans, masters of the town, allow Christians to enter only before midday, and charge

THE TEMPLE OF THE CHAIN of David's Court of Justice. Herein a chain was hung by Solomon, and tradition states that if a false witness touched it a link would become detached

an entrance fee of twenty francs. Business is business!

It is generally accepted that this building was constructed on the site of Solomon's Temple, and

THE HARAM AL SHARIF is one of the first things the alien tourist visits

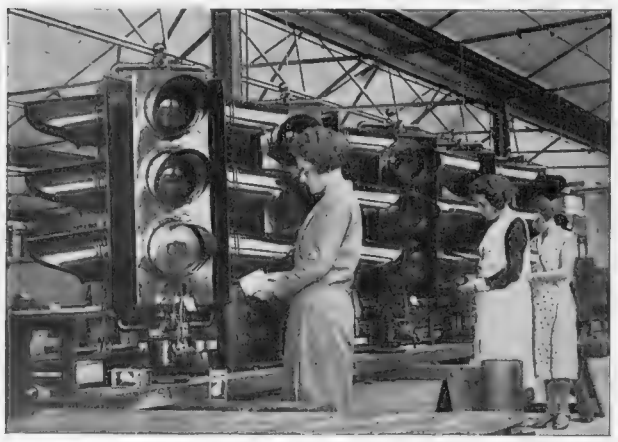
for this reason the Jews carefully avoid this spot lest they tread on the most sacred spot of their religion. They content themselves with praying at the Wailing Wall, which is thought to be the

THE FARTHEST SACRED PLACE FROM MECCA: The Nesdschid-el-Aksâ Mosque, whither Allah bore the Prophet one night. It is the site of Solomon's Temple

real remnant of Solomon's Temple. So dear to Muhammad was the Haram, that he directed his followers to turn towards Jerusalem when they prayed. Subsequently he altered this order for political reasons.

C. D.

BRITISH CARS FOR THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW: A special train and boat were engaged to take British cars to the Paris Motor Show, the chief exhibitors being Rolls-Royce, Humber, and Hillman. Owing to improved transport methods these cars travelled uncrated



EXTENDING THE ROBOT SIGNALS: London is to have about 200 more traffic light junctions. They will be spread all over London, and it is hoped to add to them until every important traffic point in the Metropolis is served by the system. Girls are seen fitting lamps to the finished signals

A NOVEL ARMY TRACTOR: An Armstrong-Pavesi tractor rehearsing for the military tattoo to be held at Belle Vue, Manchester. It drives on all four wheels and will climb a gradient of one in one

BRITISH ENTERPRISE AT COPENHAGEN: The Morris stand at the British Trades Exhibition at Copenhagen, opened by the Prince of Wales. A pleasing result is the large amount of orders for British cars placed with the various exhibitors

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

OLYMPIA, 1933.—It is usual at this time of the year, when the Olympia Motor Exhibition is about to open, for writers on motoring to state that the wonders to be seen at the Show will prove to be almost staggering. Statements such as these have appeared elsewhere on so many previous occasions that I would hesitate to venture such a remark myself. On the other hand, the pessimistic motor-writer will probably tell us that the motor cars, which will be seen on the stands next week, are to all intents and purposes exactly the same as have been made in the past five years, but I cannot remember any Show which has not marked some distinct development on that long and arduous road which leads to ultimate perfection. I can truthfully state that the advancement in design, which will be seen by everyone at Olympia this year, is far more marked and far more interesting than has been the case for many a long year.

The Olympia of 1933 will undoubtedly go down to history as the Olympia which changed the gear-box. Many different tendencies of design will be noticed when the doors of the Exhibition are opened, but the almost universal attempt to make gear-changing easier is the keynote of to-day's design. At Oylmpia, in 1928, the Armstrong-Siddeley car was first shown with a pre-selective gear-box. This car has fitted such gear-boxes ever since, and during the interval progressive firms, not many in number, have taken up this or some similar idea, but to-day there are very few car-makers who have not made a serious attempt to overcome the old obvious shortcomings, of what has always been looked upon as the orthodox type of gear-box.

A CEREMONY OF INTRODUCTION: A very successful function was recently held at the Humber-Hillman factories to inaugurate the 1933 programme. The picture above gives a general idea of the throng inspecting the new models prior to luncheon

THE NOVICE AND THE EXPERT.—So far as I am concerned, I shed no tears at the death of the old box. I state this because there is a tendency amongst motorists who have driven cars for ten years or more to ridicule the whole idea of manufacturers giving them gear-boxes with which they cannot show their skill in changing up and down silently. I think they fear that the novice will now, to all outward appearances, be as expert a driver, in so far as gear-changing is concerned, as they are themselves. My advice to this class of motorist is to drive a car with one of the new type of gear-boxes for some hundreds of miles and he will then discover that he can display as much skill with the new design as he did with the old. The fool and the expert can now both make silent changes, but the latter will still make them at the correct moment, will select the correct gear and, in so doing, will streak away from the less experienced driver on a similar car.

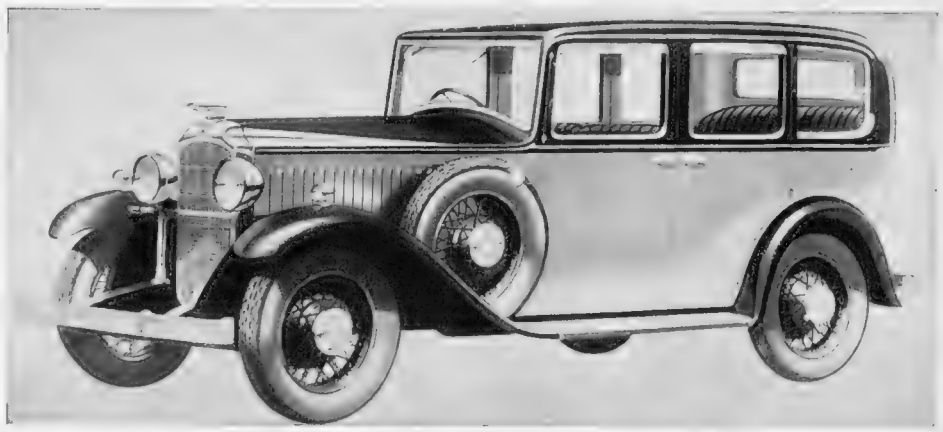
When considering the new type of easy-change gear-box we must not run away with the idea that it is absolutely new. Many years ago the old Ford "T" type car had such a change, and so had certain models of the British-made Lanchester.

It is interesting to note the various means employed to affect practically the same end. Cars such as the Daimler and Lanchester allow their drivers to make easy and silent-gear changes by means of epicyclic gears, whereas cars like Rolls-Royce and Vauxhall employ what is known as synchromesh gears. The former are adapted to all the gears in the box, whereas it is usual, in the case of the latter, to find the principle applied to only the two top gears. On the other hand, some manufacturers are employing a free-wheel in the transmission which not only gives the driver easy and silent gear changes but also the benefits of running in what is really neutral. By the time next year's Show comes round we shall probably discover which of the various means now adopted will be universally incorporated in the future.

THAT USELESS EXTRA GEAR.—At Olympia we shall find on examination that there is a distinct tendency to provide the driver with four gears in cars where only three were previously provided. For a gear-box to possess four different ratios is obviously a good selling point, but so far as I can see, the utility of the extra complication depends entirely on whether the fourth gear is ever likely to be used. Prospective buyers should, therefore, inquire, before being attracted by a four-speed gear-box, as to where the additional gear ratio has been placed. I know of at least one car where the fourth gear has been provided so that it is actually lower than the lowest of the previous three-speed box. Obviously an additional gear such as this is absolutely useless for ordinary touring work in this country.

Visitors to Olympia should also note that quite an unusual number of new 4-cylinder motor cars are making their appearance, and it would look as if the popularity of the small 6-cylinder engine was being seriously challenged. A year or two ago the 6-cylinder motor-car could beat its 4-cylinder competitor on various points, but particularly on that of smoothness. To-day, with the latest ideas of what has come to be known as "cushioned power," the 4-cylinder power unit is making distinct strides. Obviously, if the same power and the same smoothness can be obtained with four cylinders instead of six, the former will win every time.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—No one can leave the Exhibition without noticing that many of our manufacturers who have gained their reputation in the big car world have now produced cars of much smaller size with the intention of attracting the majority of present-day prospective purchasers who, in these times of stress, cannot afford either to purchase or to run cars of large horse-power. At the other end of the scale we find the makers of the so-called "baby" cars increasing the size of their chassis, so that they can be fitted with coachwork that will give sufficient comfort and accommodation for four full-grown passengers. So far as I can see, the baby car, as we knew it four or five years ago, is in danger of losing its identity. It has followed the path adhered to by practically every other small car since motoring began. In other words, it has grown up, and although we can still recognize it, it will shortly be looked upon as a medium-powered automobile.

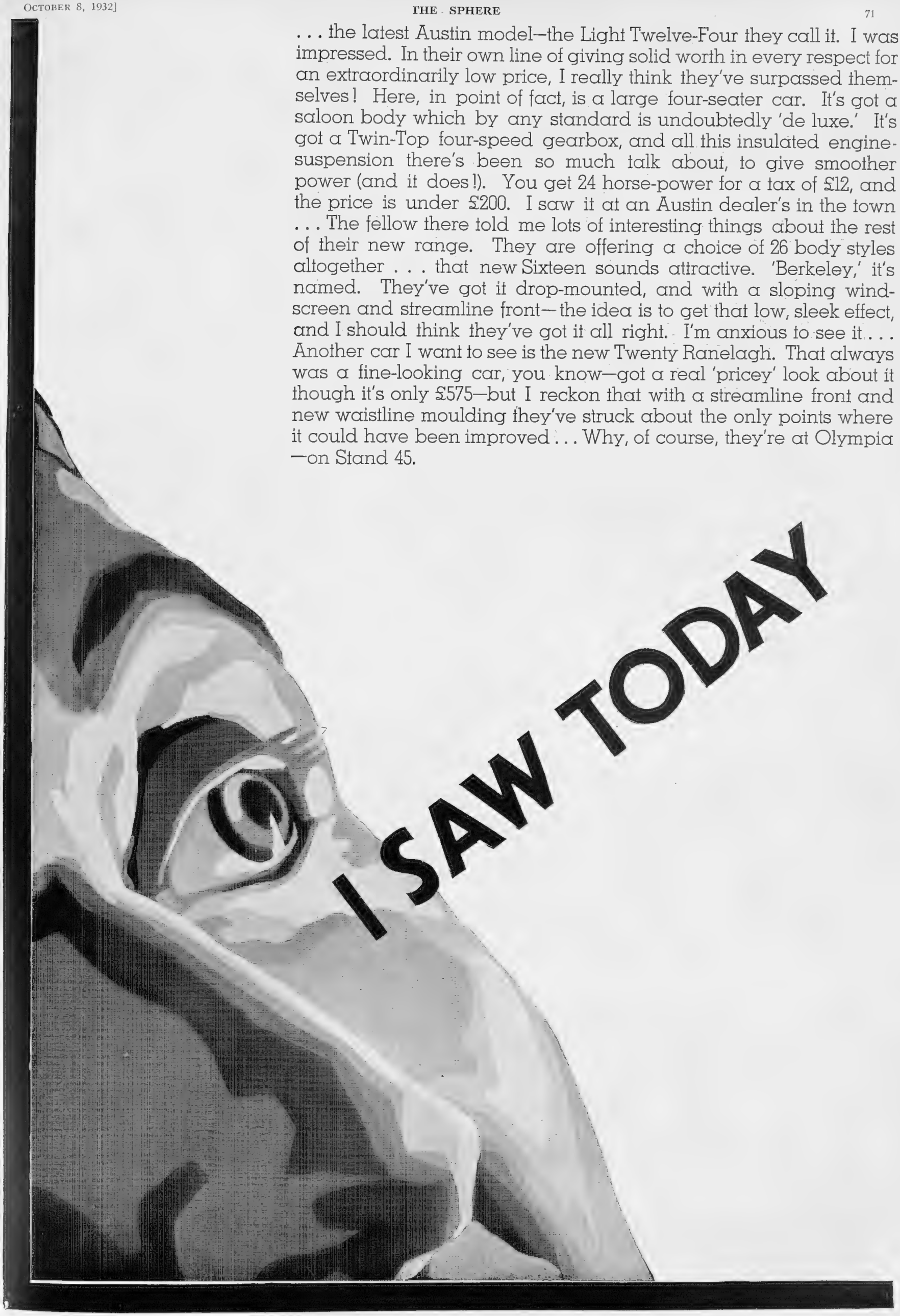


A CAR OF DISTINCTION: The Vauxhall Cadet Grosvenor Saloon de Luxe. The special roomy body possesses several unique features and can be obtained in six colour choices. In addition, the coachwork can be upholstered in cloth to special order at no extra cost

Up to the moment of writing, I have had no information that Olympia will display to us any car carrying a £5 annual tax. Yet I feel convinced that such a car is bound to appear before 1934 comes round. The "baby" car gained popularity for

(Continued on p. 72)

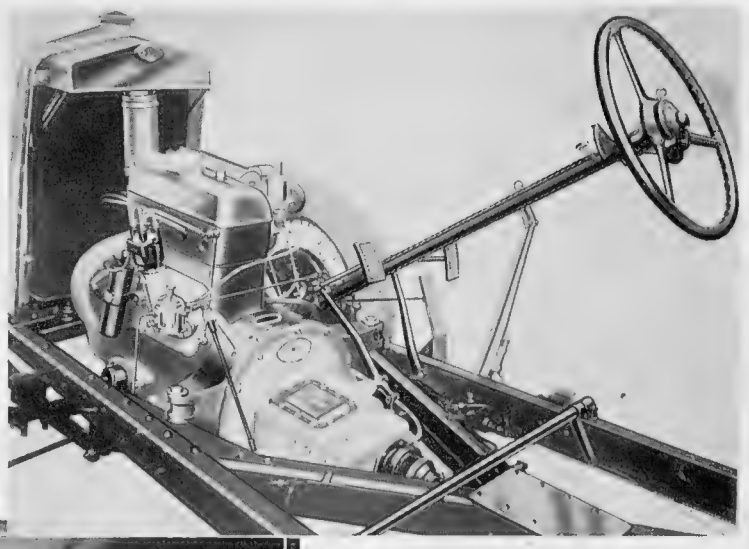
. . . the latest Austin model—the Light Twelve-Four they call it. I was impressed. In their own line of giving solid worth in every respect for an extraordinarily low price, I really think they've surpassed themselves! Here, in point of fact, is a large four-seater car. It's got a saloon body which by any standard is undoubtedly 'de luxe.' It's got a Twin-Top four-speed gearbox, and all this insulated engine-suspension there's been so much talk about, to give smoother power (and it does!). You get 24 horse-power for a tax of £12, and the price is under £200. I saw it at an Austin dealer's in the town . . . The fellow there told me lots of interesting things about the rest of their new range. They are offering a choice of 26 body styles altogether . . . that new Sixteen sounds attractive. 'Berkeley,' it's named. They've got it drop-mounted, and with a sloping windscreen and streamline front—the idea is to get that low, sleek effect, and I should think they've got it all right. I'm anxious to see it . . . Another car I want to see is the new Twenty Ranelagh. That always was a fine-looking car, you know—got a real 'pricey' look about it though it's only £575—but I reckon that with a streamline front and new waistline moulding they've struck about the only points where it could have been improved . . . Why, of course, they're at Olympia—on Stand 45.



THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 70)

RILEYS IN AFRICA: The two Riley cars which Mr. R. Nichols, Chief Government Transport Officer of the Gold Coast Colony, and his wife drove across Africa on their leave trip



A MASTERPIECE OF ENGINEERING: A close-up view of the famous Daimler Fluid Flywheel and Self-Changing Transmission as fitted to the new Lanchester Ten

THE ALVIS "FIREFLY" TWELVE SALOON fitted with a sunshine roof. Noteworthy features of this car are the smartly back-swept wings and the ample luggage accommodation

itself ten years ago when the Austin Seven first appeared. Yet the engine of that car cannot have given more power than would a 500-cc. car built to present-day design. If such a vehicle were sold in thousands in 1922, surely a car having the same power and carrying capacity would sell in even greater numbers at the end of 1932.

Turning for a moment to other details, we find that coachwork is lighter and roomier. Motorists will be glad to note that cellulose finish is still popular and is, in fact, rapidly beating all its competitive finishes. This is just what one would expect, for to-day, more than ever, the average motorist cannot afford to pay money to employ a chauffeur or to have his car cleaned at a garage. He is reduced to going through that soul-destroying pastime of washing and polishing his car himself, and up to the moment cellulose is the easiest to clean.

"TIDIED UP" BODIES.—Body designers have obviously paid attention to the problem of tidying up the coachwork. Excellent attempts have been made to remove unnecessary corners and excrescences. The most difficult portion of a motor car to round off nicely is the rear. Last year several manufacturers made praiseworthy efforts, but I am afraid that any artist worthy of the name would have passed away had he seen their serious but unsatisfactory attempts. I must confess that I have not yet seen any body which encloses the spare wheel and the space set aside for luggage that has not made the back of the body look like a tired out slug. At Olympia this year I think the attempts will prove to have been more satisfactory, but I can assure readers that finality in this direction has not yet been reached. Usually, where we see a so-called "tidied" up body, the luggage space has been severely curtailed. So far as I am concerned I do not know of any motor car which will take even one medium-sized suitcase under cover for every person for whom accommodation is provided inside the car. Even if that number of suitcases could be carried, the bare minimum only would be provided, and we should still have a long way to go before proper luggage accommodation was offered.

EXTRAS.—As regards the accessory side of motoring we find that one of our best known manufacturers has produced a very valuable component. I refer to the combined switch and starter. It is surely

(Continued on p. 74)

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COVENTRY & 42 Nth Audley St. LONDON W.1.

An example of its Luxury

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 72)

a comfort to the private owner to know that he has only to switch on his engine for the latter to spring into life and that, should he inadvertently stop his engine in traffic, it will restart itself automatically.

Several car manufacturers are fitting as standard for 1933, direction indicators, but here the motorist and the car-maker are treading on uncertain ground. Up to the moment the Ministry of Transport has made no definite ruling on mechanical or electrical direction indicators, and I am afraid that some of those which are fitted this year are so confusing that they will cause more uncertainty as to the intentions of the driver than would be the case if he had none at all. Whatever direction indicators are fitted, they should be understood instinctively by other traffic on the road. What is more, they should be fitted in such a position that those drivers whom they should warn can see them. From personal experience I have seen nothing better than the red illuminated arm which comes up into a horizontal position when the appropriate switch is manipulated. There is no mistaking such a signal, and when it is fitted towards the rear of the car it is seen by everyone to whom it should convey a warning. When it is, as it were, countersunk into the body, it is not noticeable when out of action and cannot suffer damage by accident or contact with a foreign body.

SAVING EXPENSE.—Motorists who cover a goodly mileage in the year, or who do not buy a new car for a comparatively long period, often find themselves confronted with the expense of having the cylinders of their car engines re-bored. At Olympia it will be found that many of our well-known cars are now fitted with cylinder-linings which can be renewed at quite a small cost. This practice is, of course, not a new one, as the makers of the A.C. car adopted it many years ago, but it is only to-day that its inestimable value has been realized by many manufacturers. The wear on cylinder bores is often occasioned by the driver forgetting to release the strangler control which he has utilized quite properly first thing in the morning. In this respect credit must be given to the manufacturers of the Vauxhall car for having evolved a system whereby the driver is warned immediately if the strangler is continued in use longer than is necessary. Such an idea will undoubtedly gain great popularity and before long it will surely be copied.

Probably the most abused parts of a car are the shock-absorbers. Few motorists understand exactly what they do, and as a result they receive practically no attention. When new they function admirably, but after use they obviously require to be tightened up in order to produce the same effect. Even those motorists who have comprehended the functions of this important fitting have left them unattended in the past because, firstly, they were difficult to adjust, being tucked away under wings, behind wheels, and at the rear, under the body. When they could be got at with a box spanner, adjustment could only be made by trial and error—a very laborious task which only the most enthusiastic would attempt to perform. To-day we have shock-absorbers which can be adjusted from the dashboard, which overcomes the difficulty to which I have alluded, but they also allow us to vary the adjustment according to the different loads we carry and the different nature of the ground which we traverse.

I think I have said enough to show that the Motor Exhibition of 1932, in which the 1933 models will be shown, will demonstrate the unusual amount of improvement in car design which has taken place during the past twelve months. It would be unwise to conjecture that finality has in any way been reached, but there is no doubt that the 1933 motor car is a great advance on its predecessor of 1932.

R.A.C. CAR PARKS AT OLYMPIA.—In view of the decision of the authorities not to permit parking of cars in public thoroughfares adjoining Olympia during the period of the Motor Show, the R.A.C. is making arrangements to assist motorists visiting the show to park or garage their cars with as little inconvenience as possible.

Accommodation for 500 cars will be provided by the R.A.C. in two "parks." These will be situated in Russell Road, adjoining Addison Road Station, and in North End Road, which is three minutes' walk from Hammersmith Road entrance to Olympia. Both "parks" will be staffed by R.A.C. guides. The charge in each case is 2s. for a daily ticket. Season tickets for the period of the show, entitling the holder to a reserved berth and giving the privilege of entering and leaving as often as desired, can be obtained at a cost of £2 2s. Applications for season tickets should be made in advance to the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W. 1.

Whilst the above arrangements are of considerable assistance to motorists visiting the show, the two "parks" obviously cannot provide accommodation for all of the cars to be dealt with. Accordingly the R.A.C. has compiled a list of all garages within a radius of one mile of Olympia, with details of the number of cars each can accommodate and the various charges. A telephone box will be installed in the R.A.C., Russell Road, car park—which is the one nearest to the actual show building. The R.A.C. staff there will be in constant communication with the various garages and will be able to direct motorists to the nearest one at which accommodation is available. No charge will be made for this service, which has been inaugurated solely with the object of assisting motorists to find garage accommodation with the least possible delay and inconvenience.

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GENTLEMEN PREFER . . .

(Continued from p. 63)

were superannuated at the same time as whalebone collars. If you can't do with a shaved nape, a very slender tress may be used, either as a closely woven braid or as an extremely light roll at the back of the neck. At the sides, however, you will only permit yourself flat curls or, maybe, a charming waved effect. All this, it goes without saying, must be carefully and lovingly thought out, for there is not one hard and fast style of hairdressing, but just as many styles as there are faces. That the art of hairdressing was created to conceal their bad points and set their good points off to the greatest advantage, is an idea that will never be rammed firmly enough into women's heads.

"Monsieur Antoine, will you look at the Duchess' wave?"

He gets up, gives his judgment, deciding without hesitation at a glance. And it occurs to me as I leave the room that there is not a dressmaker, not a milliner, not a husband, who receives such a tribute of blind obedience as Antoine, hairdresser to All Paris.

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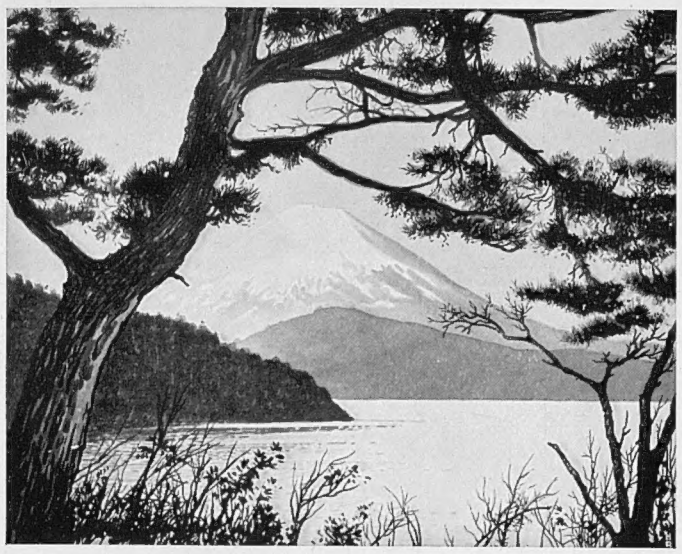

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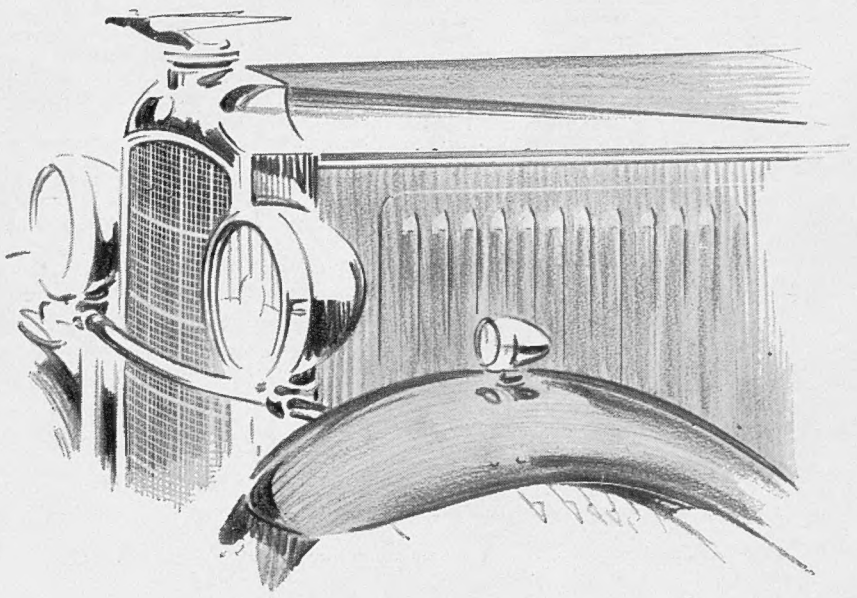

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Improved carburation in this 1933 model gives smoother acceleration, sweeter performance, more miles to the gallon—a definite all-round improvement in engine efficiency. The appearance, always distinguished, is now further enhanced by improved body lines and chromium on the bonnet flutes, lamps and radiator guard.

Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue, to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9.

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PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

. . .

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

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Take a trial run in the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

THE COUNTY OF LONDON'S COUNCIL

(Continued from p. 55)

total population of the Chinese colony to-day is perhaps 250. Opium smoking, at one time so prevalent in the Chinese quarter, has practically ceased in the lodging-houses owing to the operation of the by-laws and of the Pharmacy and Dangerous Drugs Acts.

Once again it is thanks to the L.C.C. that the number of homeless people has decreased so much in the past twenty years. In 1910 more than 900 were found in the streets; more than 1,500 were allowed to sit up in shelters. In 1930 the corresponding numbers were 80 and 340. Even now, including all grades, there are more than 2,000 people in London every night who may be regarded as homeless because they are unable to pay for a bed.

Alien lunatics, as well as native born defectives, are under the care of the L.C.C., and it is interesting to see that out of the 700 in L.C.C. mental hospitals at the beginning of last year, only 10 were American, while 246 were Russian, 70 were German, and 58 were Italian.

Next we come to Mr. F. W. Mackinney, and begin to visualize what a spending force the L.C.C. has become. Mr. Mackinney is Chief Officer of Supplies, and the L.C.C.'s larder, like its workshop at Westminster Bridge, is enormous. Officials have to have pens, ink, and paper *à la* French grammar, as well as desks, chairs, carpets, and all the rest of it. Inmates of hospitals must have sheets, blankets, and so on. The department's annual meat bill is £365,000. Its milk bill is a trifle of £226,000. Fish, bread, and poultry tot up to another £140,000. Food all told costs a trifle under £1,000,000 a year. *Empties and returns are £117,553 annually.* Sale of old materials —for the L.C.C. is nothing if not economical—adds up to nearly £30,000. Other figures at random are:

	£
Fuel, transport, cattle food and fodder	881,843
Printing, stationery, books, and school apparatus	450,785
Textiles, clothing, soft goods, and leather	450,112

Yet fewer than 1,000 people are employed on the staff of this department.

It is good to know that the policy is always "Buy British" whenever it is economically possible. In the case of apples, it is not always possible to use British or even Empire-grown fruit apparently, but the 300,000 lb. weight of foreign apples bought were less than a quarter of the total in 1930, the last year for which full records are available. This figure incidentally proves a strong belief in the theory that an apple a day keeps the doctor away! Then think of all the uniforms which the department must buy—uniforms for tramcar drivers and conductors, park keepers, firemen, nurses, motor drivers, street cleaners, and the like.

As Mr. Montagu Cox, the Clerk of the Council, said to me, the delegating to the L.C.C. of the job of issuing motor-car licences is like a fly on the window-pane. It is not its place, and other counties do not do it. However, the cost of the job is refunded, and that it is a considerable one may be guessed when it is revealed that in 1931 nearly 500,000 motor-car licences were issued in London, an average of one to every nine Londoners. In the rush times at the beginning of the year an extra staff of 100 or 150 clerks has to be employed. However, the revenue derived amounts to more than £4,000,000.

As landowners, the L.C.C. are the biggest in the country. Their rents amount to nearly £3,000,000.

Apart from the miles of streets and houses under the care of the L.C.C., there are 33,000 acres in Greater London that need control and maintenance. This is equivalent to 1 acre for every 600 people. Not that they are all under the L.C.C. Regent's Park, Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and the Green Park are "Royal." Only a tenth of Richmond Park comes under the L.C.C., and Epping Forest belongs to the City Corporation. Nevertheless, the L.C.C. has an enormous amount of open space to control, including Hackney Marsh, where room is found for more than 150 football matches. All told, nearly 800 tennis courts are provided by the Parks Department, as well as 349 cricket pitches, and 380 football fields which 1,000 clubs want to use. And the total cost of all these health-giving spaces amounts to a rate of only three halfpence in the pound.

Finally, we come to that financial wizard, Mr. H. W. Stovold, the Comptroller of the L.C.C. It is he who must balance the enormous budget every year, and here are some of his figures:

EXPENDITURE	£
Administration (excluding amounts charged to services)	666,000
Education	12,614,000
Mental hospitals and mental deficiency	2,222,000
Main drainage	575,000
INCOME	
Exchequer grants	9,932,000
Games receipts from parks	75,000
Tramway receipts	4,552,000
Rents, etc.	2,722,000
Charge on rates	19,515,000

And the answer is, if you know of a better-run city, go to it.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

(Continued from p. 48)

Though this was my closest view of Nanga Parbat—the picture herewith was taken from a distance of about three miles only—the most impressive view was from a cave-house I lived in for a night. Landscape gardens are the privilege of the rich, but surely no Crœsus ever had a more wonderful landscape garden than the inhabitant of that small cave. From the mouth of the cave a rough grass lawn fell steeply down to the broad Indus River 6,000 ft. below. The river flowed slowly for a mile or two before it disappeared behind a hill. On the opposite side to this hill the ground rose rapidly, tier upon tier, for 22,000 ft. Bare rocks were followed by grass, grass by pine trees, pine trees by snow and, finally, from snow back to bare rocks again, rocks too steep for snow to lie on; bare flanks which defied all onslaught.

Many have seen high mountains, 10,000, 15,000, and even 20,000 ft. high, but our eyes usually see them rising only some 4,000 or 5,000 ft. above the surrounding valleys; in fact we see a giant among giants and we do not get a true idea of its height. Nanga Parbat is not like this—Nanga Parbat is a giant standing alone.

There is another very wonderful view of Nanga Parbat, the view from Bunji. It is this particular aspect that so impressed that great traveller, Lord Conway (Sir Martin Conway then), many years ago.

I happened to have arrived in Bunji just before dawn and, looking back along the way we had come, was rewarded with a remarkable sight of a mighty mountain. My coolies lay down on the ground and slept immediately, but, dead tired though I was, I could not sleep with that ever-changing view before me. As the minutes wore on, the sun tipped the summit of the mountain, which shone like a dazzling jewel in the night sky. Shades of rose and orange crept down the slopes until the whole mountain shone forth to herald in the dawn. Then it was I realized the might of Nanga Parbat, and was drawn to it as by a magnet to see more.

My business was not to climb Nanga Parbat, but, having seen it, I can admire the men who have set out to conquer it. The party consists for the most part of first-rate Bavarian mountaineers and members of the Munich Alpenverein, but two or more are members of the American mountaineering club. If successful, the climbers will have conquered the highest peak yet achieved by men. It will not be the highest altitude reached, for this record is held and will still be held by Mallory and Irvine on Mount Everest.

Wilhelm Merkl, the leader of the climbing party, is a Munich engineer. In 1929 he participated in an expedition across the Caucasus and made the ascent of Uschba, an extremely difficult mountain, this being the third ascent on record. His experience and ability will be thoroughly tested on the last stage of Nanga Parbat, and his success, if achieved, will be well deserved.

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FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

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Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
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Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
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Brora	Grand Hotel
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Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
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Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cirencester	King's Head Hotel
Do.	Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Do.	Spread Eagle
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey	Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	Courtlands Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Kenilworth	Arden House Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens	Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Leighton Buzzard	The Cock Hotel
Letchworth	The People's House
Lincoln	Grand Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone	Royal Star Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newnham-on-Severn	Victoria Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Petersfield	Fern Bank Private Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey, I.O.M.	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Head Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down)	Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W.	Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Do.	"Top o' the Hill"
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth	Grange Hotel
Do.	"Aberdalgie"
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Do.	Hillgrove Guest House
Sunbury-on-Thames	Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland	Palatine Hotel
Surbiton	Oakenshaw, Oak Hill
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury	The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do.	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Do.	Belmont Private Hotel
Waltham Cross	Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Somerset	Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks	Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Winchester	Talbot Hotel
Do.	Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

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